



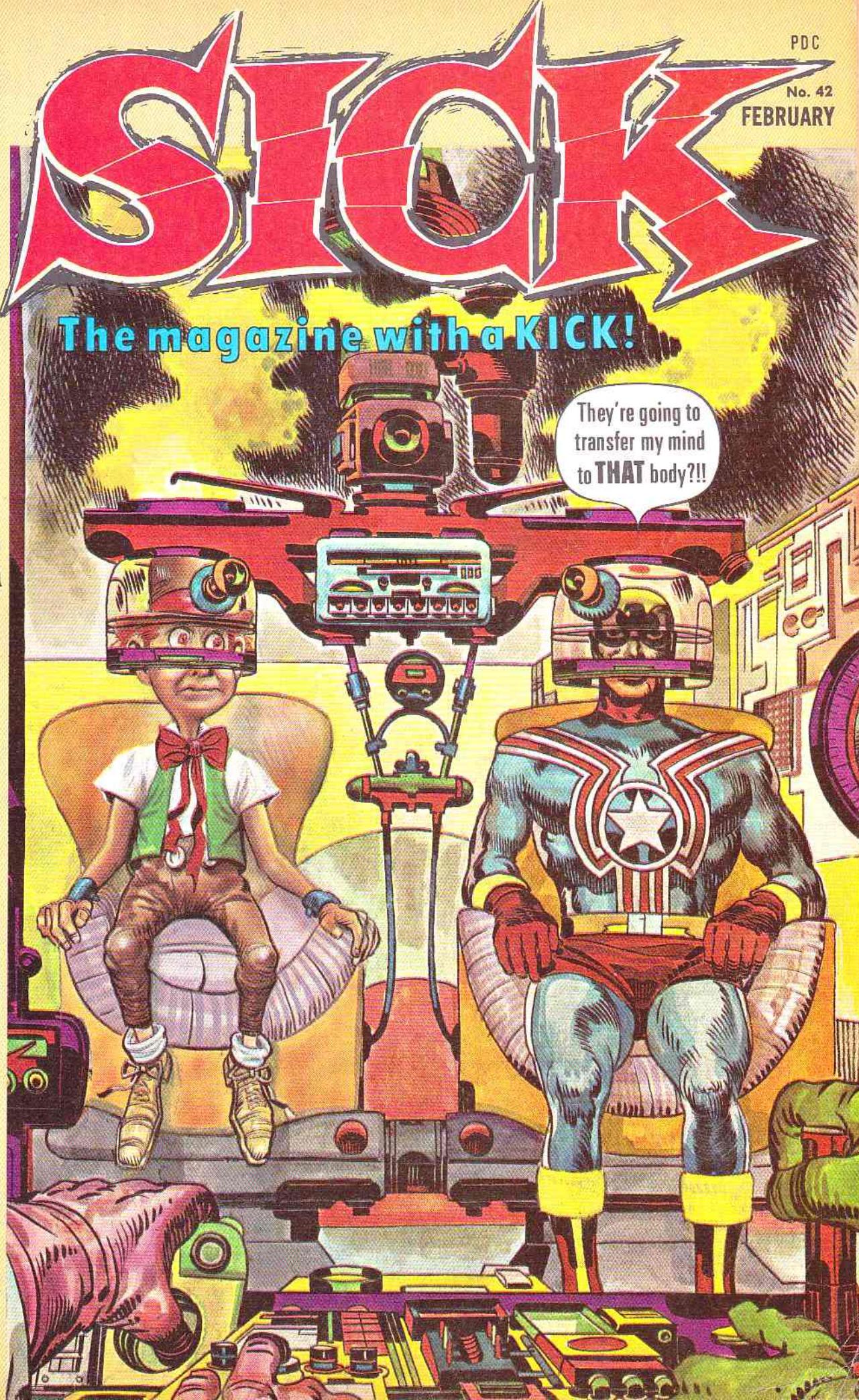
25¢

**A POP-OFF
AT
POP-ART**

**SUPER
FaN**

**FAN CLUBS FOR
HEROES
IN LONG
UNDER-
WEAR**

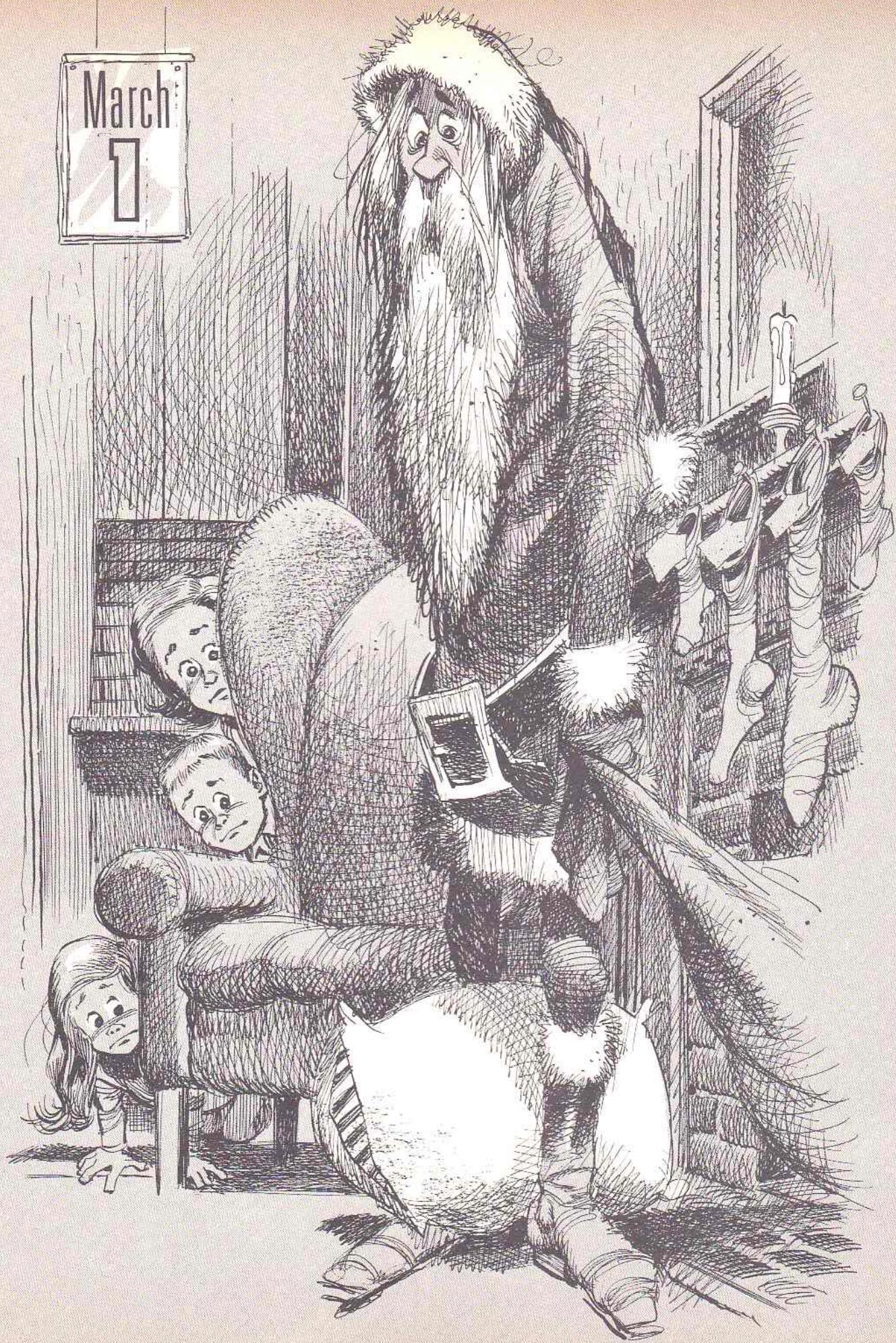
**PLUS
THE USUAL
ASSORTMENT
OF
SICK-O-
MANIA**



PDC

No. 42
FEBRUARY

March
1





31



11



No. 42

Vol. 6, No. 2 February, 1966

POEMS OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

These poems say in many words—the White House now is for the Birds! 11

FAMOUS HISTORICAL LANDMARKS

If you're wondering where some great landmarks of the past stand today, this article plainly shows you how times have changed—and also why this article should be changed, 26

MOVIE REVIEW

A fantastic super-colossal movie review the likes of which you've never read—and will never want to read again! Not only will this spoof not make you want to see the movie—you'll want to picket outside the theatre! 28

SUPERFAN

The Adventure Comics Fanzine, that spoofs the current trend of long-underwear hero worship—and if you're a worshipper of long-underwear this one will make you itch! This parody is sure to spark new interest in comic books—everybody'll want to burn them! 31

UNRECEIVED CHRISTMAS GIFTS

An article listing famous Christmas gifts that were never received—and written by a fellow who won't receive his after doing this article! This feature will get you right into the Christmas spirit—after reading it you'll want to go out and get drunk! 48

ABOUT THE COVER

So many people wanted the original drawing appearing on our Front Cover that we figured a way for everybody to have one. Simply cut it out and frame. Have a miniature Pop Art masterpiece all your own.

Joe Simon, Editor... Bob Powell, Art Director... Melissa Jane, Messages
Paul Laikin, New York Correspondent... Jim Atkins, Washington Correspondent

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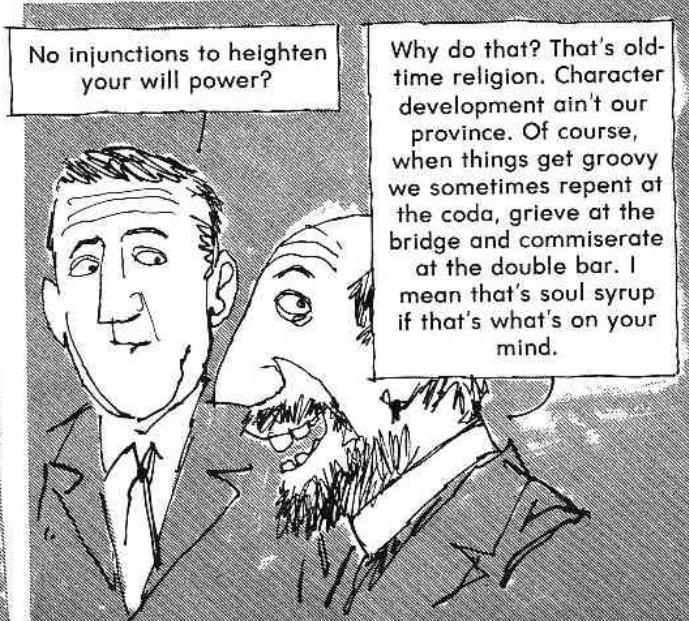
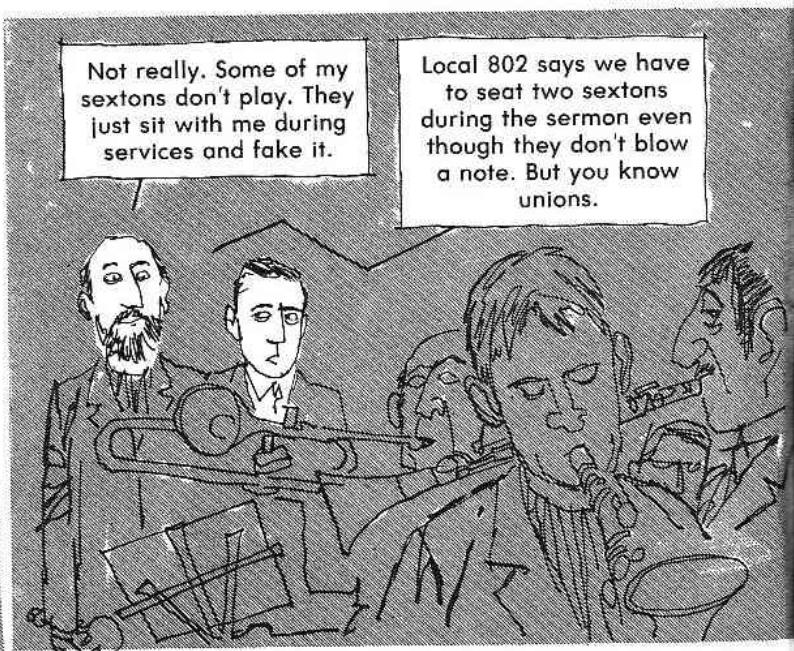
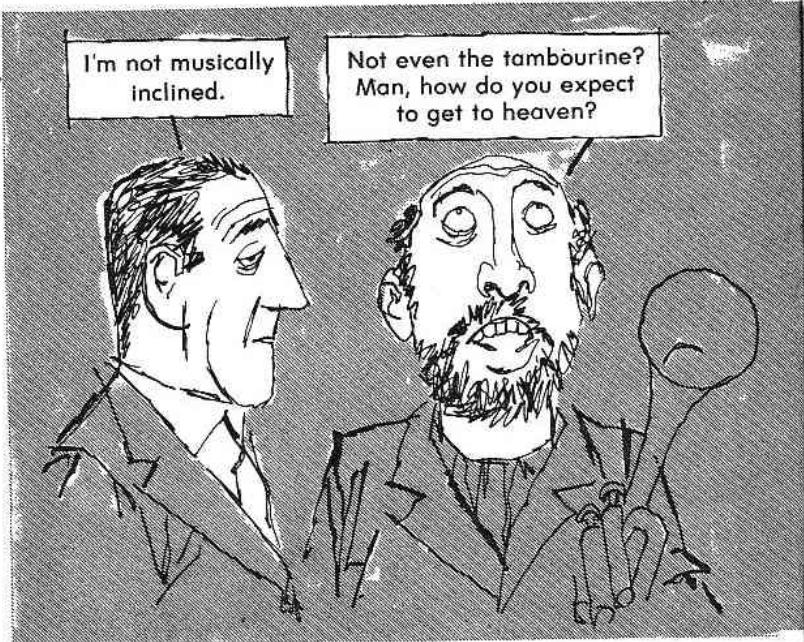
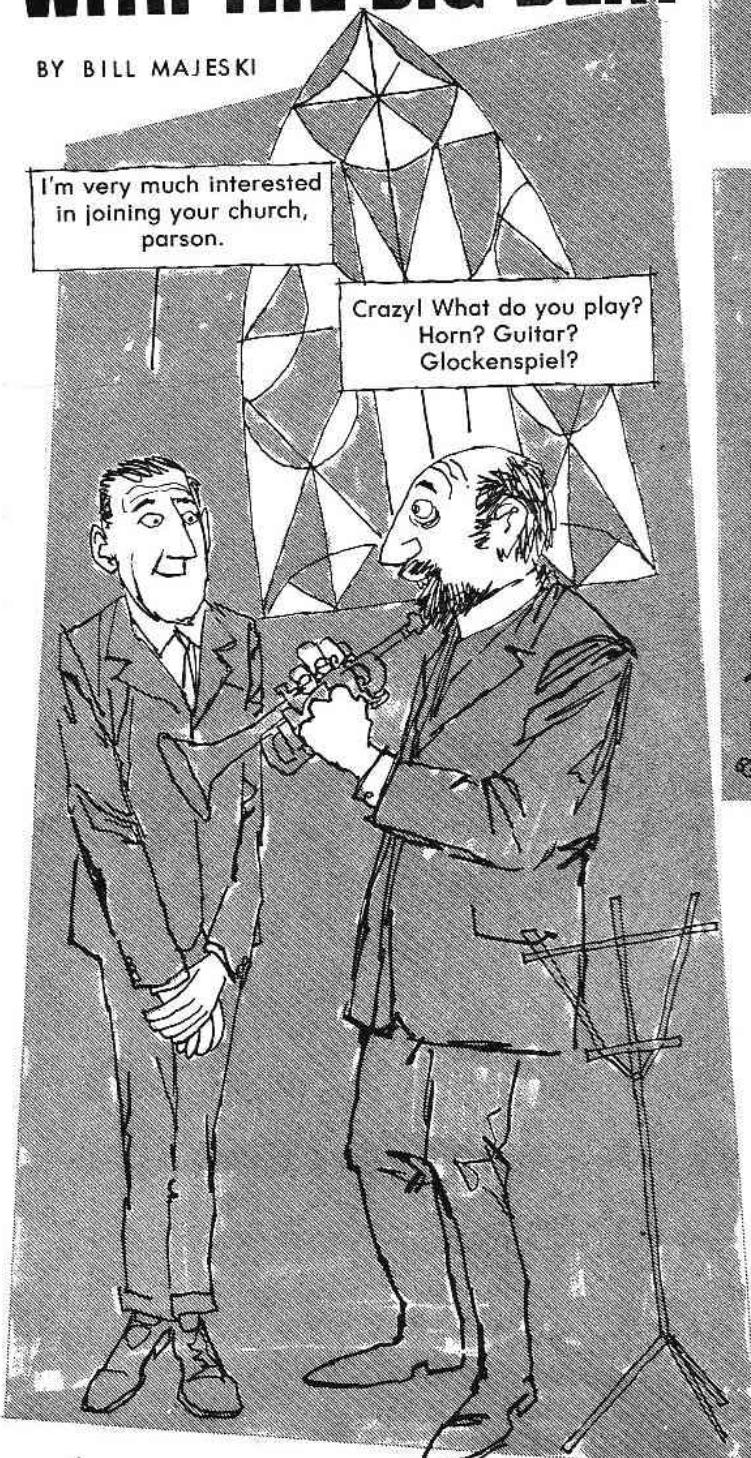
Jack Scott, West Coast
Angelo Torres, Pa.

Lynn Lichty, Ohio
Bob Elliott, Space
Jack O'Brien, Florida
Fred England, Texas
Ivan Golownjew, Moscow
Calvin Castine, Champlain
Dot Brooks, N.J.

The one big move in religion these days seems to be musical services. Jazz trios, quartets and shake-and-stomp groups are gaining ground, religion-wise. Rumors are that they are enlarging choir lofts all over New York City to accommodate the big bands. Let's see how a Jazz Parson handles a prospective convert to the new trend.

RELIGION WITH THE BIG BEAT

BY BILL MAJESKI



You ain't gonna please Gabriel if you ain't got that beat. How do you expect to swing in that Big Aragon Ballroom in the Sky?

Is music that important?

First came the lyric... then the beat. We got one cat who plays lute, flute and drums to boot.

Last week he put strings on the collection basket and gave us four choruses of "Red, Red Robin." He's the greatest.

Everyone has to play?



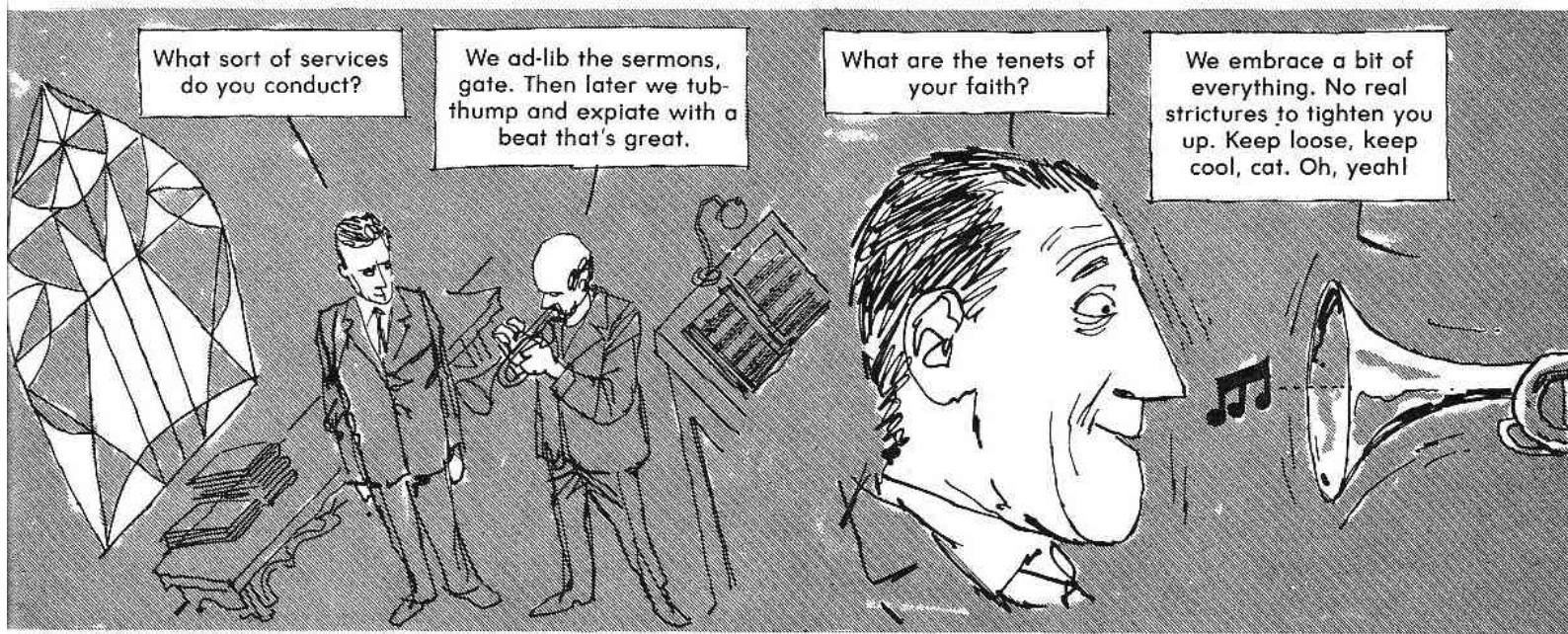
Art by Angelo Torres

What sort of services do you conduct?

We ad-lib the sermons, gate. Then later we tub-thump and expiate with a beat that's great.

What are the tenets of your faith?

We embrace a bit of everything. No real strictures to tighten you up. Keep loose, keep cool, cat. Oh, yeah!



I'd like to give it a try, reverend.

Thank you...er...parson...minister...doctor?...

Come in, we're just in time for a guest sermon by the Four Sky Pilots...

And-a-one, and-a-two and welcome to the herd, hipster.

Nonsense, buddy. Just call me maestro...let's swing.





Gentle Sirs:

The profiles of SICK staff members were really interesting. When can we expect the fronts along with a complete list of numbers?

Clarence L. Black Jr.
590 South 22nd Street
Columbus, Ohio

Ed: What makes you think they have fronts?

Dear Sick:

In your article "Status symbols for Non-status People", you left out status symbols for us clods. How come? I mean, after all, why not be fair to everyone?

Andrew Zuckuman
18 Pulonnet Road
Valley Stream, N.Y.

Ed: The number-one status symbol for a clod is a copy of SICK.

Dear Sick:

Your take off on the Addams Family was great. They're one of my favorite families. By the way, the man who was piloting the plane in your article should have had two stars, not one. He's a Major General. If Susan Becker and Dave Wayman don't like it, they know where they can go.

Andrea Polovsky
242-03 149th Ave.
Rosedale, N.Y.

Ed: Why bring them into it?

Dear Sick,

This is the first time I have read sick and I think it is very good! I will buy sick every month it is published.

George Hadjidakis
36 Hrippou Street
Athens, Greece

Ed: "George" What a funny name.

Dear Sick Finks,

Man, you should call your mag. "Sex" instead of "Sick". Just look at all those Skuzzy words in your Sept. #39 issue in "Darn Beat". But, aside from that I think your mag is boss.

Like, who's this fink from England who says us yanks are stink-

ing. (I oughta punch that teatoddler right in the head!) Do you really print the letters you get?

Walter Christom
201 Shawen Drive
Hampton, Virginia

Ed: No.

Dearest Sick,

I want to tell you that your magazine is nice but it makes my dog sick. He "quivers" whenever he glances at the monster pictures you used to publish. You know, I like it that way because he bites, not the other people but me!

Say, I have a suggestion. Suppose you publish names strictly for those who wanted to have friends. For that your mag will become popular from pole to pole. Call that column like this—"Dearest" P.S. You're a wonderful editor, you know!

Rizetti Musni
St. John Institute
Sportives Hill
Bautista, Pangasinan
Philippines

Ed: Rizzetti, baby, are you a boy or a girl?

Dear Hottish Sick,

Just read your "Hottest-Ever Issue" and believe me I am burning!! You sure are the dirtiest, hottest and sickest yellow paged trash there is going, but why can't I help being drawn to your dirty charms? Whoever wrote "Lochinvar" must be twisted.

But as always, I enjoyed it. SICK is always so full of nice dirty surprises I forget the troubles of the world. Even my 6-year old daughter enjoys it.

Mrs. R. McNieve
121 Branchsorre Rd.
Singapore 15

Ed: If you're ever in the states give us a ring.

Ed:

In the August issue you said at the end of "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.":

"Thanks to the United Nations

Committee on Law Enforcement".

There's no such organization. It should have read:

"United Network Command for Law and Enforcement." Otherwise you mag is Sick.

Ann Jones
206 Snyder St.
Orange, New Jersey
Ed: Nag, Nag, Nag!

Dear Sirs:

A few days ago, a friend of mine lent me a Sick Magazine. I liked it very much. I would like a very big



picture of Huckleberry Fink to hang up in my room to show everyone.

Curtis Firstman
300 Ft. Washington Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Ed: A lot of people would like to hang Huckleberry Fink.

Dear Sickly Finks:

What do you guys have against Democrats? I like 'em! They're O.K. fine. In everything I read by you sick finks, you're always against us Dems!!

And the same with My Beatles! Elvis is OUT! The Beatles are IN! So are the Democrats! So get with it men, be KIND to us!!

Chris Taylor
72 Third Street
Allegany, N.Y.

Ed: Don't make a fool of yourself Chris, the Beatles never once voted for a Democrat.

Dear Sick:

I have an idea for your life parody. Why not call it DEATH or DEAD magazine. Thanks a lot.

Dennis Cooper
995 Hampton Road
Arcadia, California

Ed: Forget it.



Dear Sirs,

I would like to order 5 of the buttons which makes me a member of Sick Inner Circle.

Linda Helms
2625 Maria Terrace
Jackson, Miss.

Ed: What are you planning, a march on our office?

To Whom It May Concern:

Just what does it take to get a letter printed in your magazine anyway?

Terry R. Roark
204 West King St.
Lancaster, Penna.

Ed: Humility.

Dear Sick,

I changed my mind. Herman's Hermits, Elvis, and Loretta Lynn are wonderful. I still don't like the Rolling Stones. I apologize to Connie Hartman. I love the Beatles. Please print this: Nothing exciting ever happens in our town.

Tony Partridge
Ware Shoals, S.C.

Ed: You haven't looked in the right places.

Dear Sick (and I mean SICK):

We in Tasmania would like to thank Frederick Devine Jr. for offering to send Gary Tremoloni to Tasmania, but there is one problem to solve—WE DON'T WANT HIM!

As for Elvis, the Stones, and the Hermits—you can keep them all (we don't want them either). If you want to hear a good group you ought to listen to the Deltones or Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs—they are (as we Australians are supposed to say)—"Fair Dinkum".

I would like to say in conclusion that it is no wonder that America is in the state that it is in if "SICK" is a typical example of American literature.

Joan Lawnceton
Tasmania,
Australia

Ed: That does it! We're sending troops to Tasmania.

Dear Editor of the magazine that keeps America laughing,

I am writing in reference to the sudden disappearance of "Sick Sick World". What happened, did it die? I hope it makes a recovery or I may get mad.

Robert Alan Keller
109 Creston Drive
Pueblo, Colorado

Ed: You said the magic word! It's back.



Dear Sick,

Just thought you'd like to know that we have a Huckleberry Fink Club here in Pittsburgh, and that if he ever comes around here, we'll bash him over the head with it.

Jim Bates
6630 Butler St.
Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

Ed: Another chain letter-writer! When are you going to stop bugging us!

Dear Illiterates:

It is often wise to think twice before giving certain subjects a second thought. I've never written to a professional magazine before, and I don't intend to start now.

Terry R. Roark
204 West King St.
Lancaster, Pa.

Ed: Didn't we get a letter from you recently? Like 10 seconds ago!

Dear Ed,

Just recently my taste has been going bad!—I've started to buy "SICK".

I'm not going to say I thoroughly enjoyed your "parodies"—they're not so hot. Your satires are worse. In fact the sole reason that I buy "SICK" is because of the letters to the editor (If there really is one!).

The disagreements that started between Gary Tremoloni, Dave Wayman and Frederick Devine Jr. are more thrilling than Peyton Place and Harlan Manillacopy

Sis Kidon
549 S. 15½th. St.
Reading, Pa.

Ed: Tell us, Sis, is there really a Reading, Pa.?

CLASSICFRIED ADS

Classic Fried ads will be accepted at the editor's discretion and published without charge. If you have something to sell, swap, announce etc., take advantage of this ridiculous column.

TRAVEL INFORMATION

If any of your readers would like to know anything about the Republic of Penelope (one of the few nations in the world with a stable government) (no, I don't mean it's made up of horses!), have them send all their questions to me because I am the world's greatest authority on that country (mainly because I invented it in the first place).

Bob Rozakis
Republic of Penelope
72 Joan Court
Elmont, N.Y.

P.S. Please do not send questions directly to the Republic of Penelope as we do not have an agreement with the U.S. Post Office.

BACK ISSUES

I have back issues of Sick Magazine and I would like to sell them. Please let me know if you know of a buyer. And if you don't know of a buyer will you also let me know.

Stephen Gordon
3200 S. Sepulveda Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

*Issue of Sick!
Vol. One #1-#2-#3-#4-#5-#6 At 50¢ Each
Vol. Three #2 At 35¢
Plus 50% for postage
(Only one of each)

HELP WANTED

I just got a paper route. I have to get up at 4:00 in the morning. Help Me!

S. Storie
N. Miami, Florida

PERSONAL

Everyone knows it was Myron Smith. Kindly send all donations to:

Myron Smith
19 Duke St.
Matt, Mass.

PEN PAL WANTED

Will the person who became a pal of my Bic fine-line pen please return it.

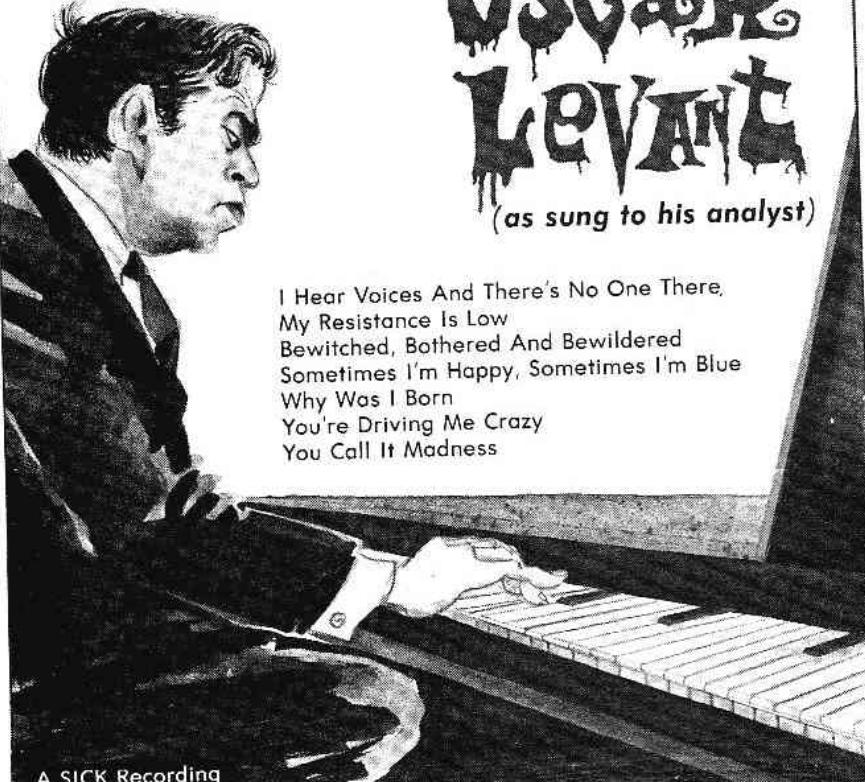
Al Chait
114 Thomas St.
Rochester, N.Y.

Want Sick Type Pen Pals from anywhere in the world, who Stamp Collect or Cover Collect. 13 and over. But whether you're a stamp collector or not, Glad to hear from ya, Sick people out there.

Peter R. Good
310 W. James St.
Dwight, Ill.

(Continued on page 47)

MOOD SONGS OF



Oscar Levant
(as sung to his analyst)

I Hear Voices And There's No One There,
My Resistance Is Low
Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered
Sometimes I'm Happy, Sometimes I'm Blue
Why Was I Born
You're Driving Me Crazy
You Call It Madness

A SICK Recording

THE NATION

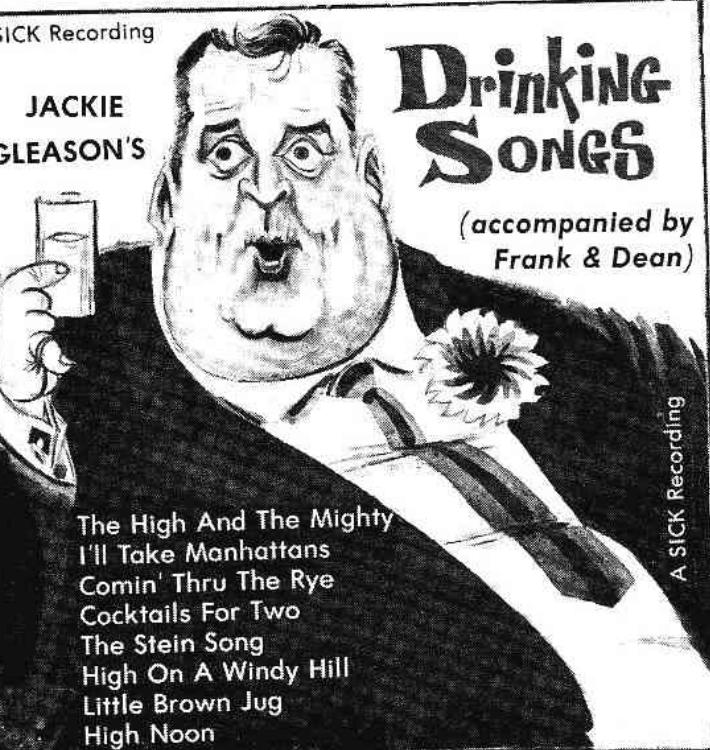
Today a lot of movie stars who can't sing a note make records anyway in order to cash in on the heavy teenage buying in this field. Since it's such a lucrative market we

the Great Record



A SICK Recording

JACKIE GLEASON'S



Drinking Songs
(accompanied by Frank & Dean)

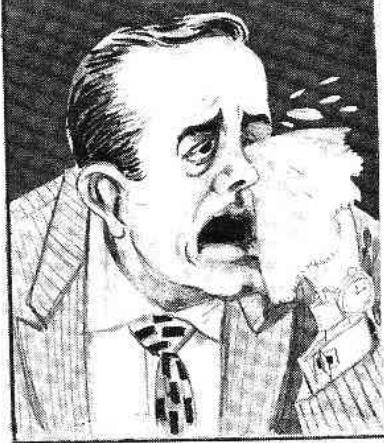
The High And The Mighty
I'll Take Manhattans
Comin' Thru The Rye
Cocktails For Two
The Stein Song
High On A Windy Hill
Little Brown Jug
High Noon

A SICK Recording

CRY ALONG WITH

JACK PAAR

A Real Tear-Jerker



I Cried For You
Play Me Hearts And Flowers
I'm Old-Fashioned
I Get Mixed Emotions
My Heart Cries For You
Feudin', Fussin' An' A-Fightin'
Too Late For Tears
I'll Never Smile Again

figure that other celebrities should put out albums. Who knows? We may start a whole new trend in the music business with these...

Society ALBUMS



JAYNE

IS BUSTIN' OUT
ALL OVER

A 78-33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -45 Records

I've Got A Lovely Bunch
Of Coconuts
Hey, Look Me Over
All Of Me
Body And Soul
Somethin's Gotta Give
Jersey Bounce
California Or Bust
Fanny



A SICK Recording

OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD

YUL BRYNNER

You Go To My Head
The Surrey With
The Fringe On Top

I Dream Of Jeannie
With The
Light Brown Hair

A SICK Recording

Sonny Liston

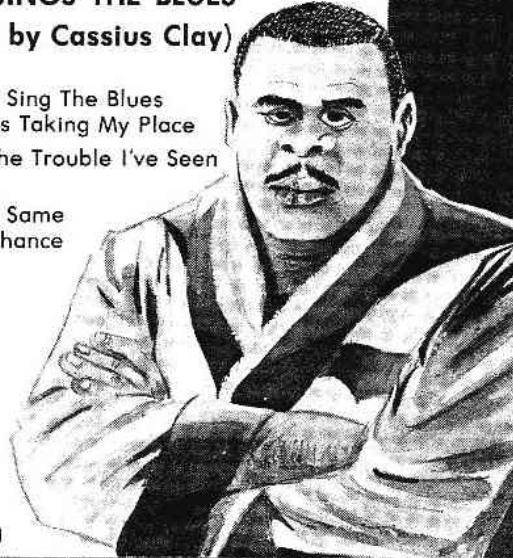
SINGS THE BLUES

(as rendered by Cassius Clay)

I Got A Right To Sing The Blues
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place
Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

I'll Never Be The Same
Just One More Chance

He's Got The
Whole World
In His Hands
The Party's Over



A SICK Recording

IN THE WEE WEE HOURS

MICKEY ROONEY

(for small phonographs only)



Little Things Mean A Lot
Five Foot Two, Eyes Of Blue
Someone To Watch Over Me
Baby Face
Sweet And Low
Dream A Little Dream Of Me
High Hopes

A SICK Recording

GEORGIE JESSEI'S *Love Songs*

ACCOMPANIED BY
AN ALL-GIRL
ORCHESTRA

Thank Heaven For Little Girls
I Found A New Baby
Younger Than Springtime
When You Were Sweet Sixteen
I've Told Every Little Star
I Want A Girl
Too Young
Babes In Toyland



A SICK Recording

AN EVENING WITH *Dick and Liz*

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Under A Blanket Of Blue
Nice Work If You Can Get It
I Found A Million Dollar Baby
The Things We Did Last Summer
A Lovely Way To Spend
An Evening
I Couldn't Sleep A Wink
Last Night

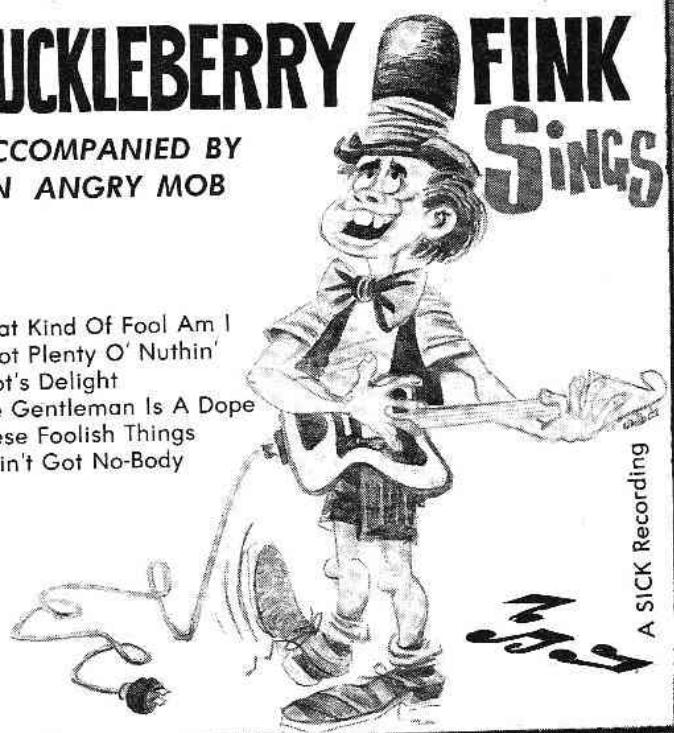
A SICK Recording



HUCKLEBERRY FINK *Sings*

ACCOMPANIED BY
AN ANGRY MOB

What Kind Of Fool Am I
I Got Plenty O' Nuthin'
Idiot's Delight
The Gentleman Is A Dope
These Foolish Things
I Ain't Got No-Body



A SICK Recording

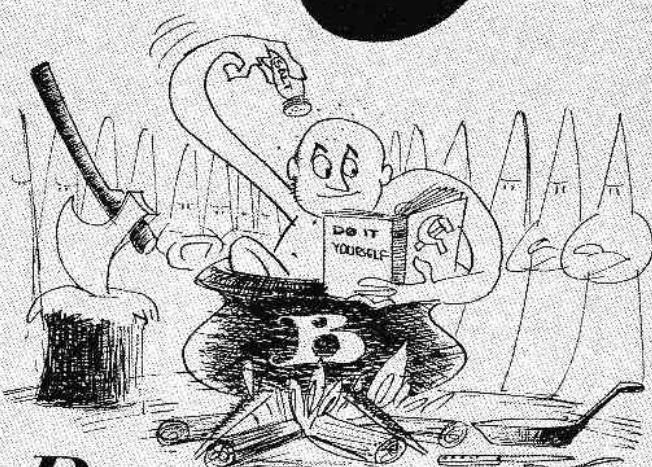
POEMS OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

Written by FRED WOLFE

Art by FRANCIONI



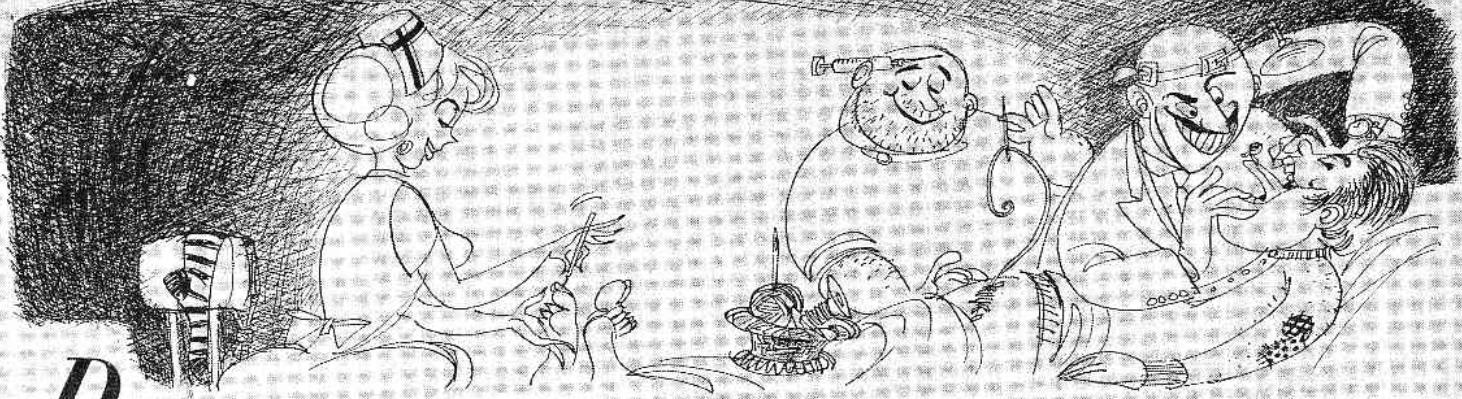
A IS FOR ARMY.
THOSE BOYS KHAKI-CLAD
SOMEBODY'S HUSBAND
OR SOMEBODY'S DAD.
IN WAR, YOU'RE A PRINCE,
WANT A RIDE? LIFT YOUR THUMB.
IN PEACETIME THEY GIVE YOU
THE FINGER, YOU BUM!



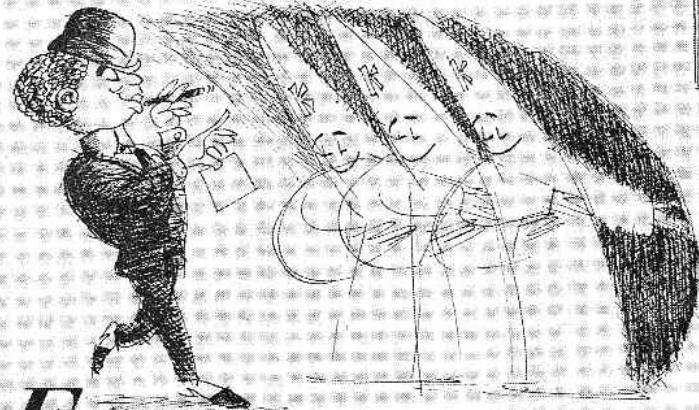
B IS FOR BIRCHERS
AN "AMERICAN" GROUP.
IF YOU DON'T THINK THEIR WAY
THEY WOULD BOIL YOU IN SOUP.
HUNTING COMMIES IS FUN
YES, IT REALLY CAN'T HURT CHA.
JOIN UP! BE A DAUGHTER OR
SON OF A BIRCHER!

C STANDS FOR CASTRO
THE LAD WITH A SMILE
WHO NOW IS TOP DOG
ON HIS TROPICAL ISLE
IF IT WERENT FOR RUSSIA
"PROTECTING" BIG C
HE WOULD NOT HAVE A POT
NOR A HYDRANT NOR TREE

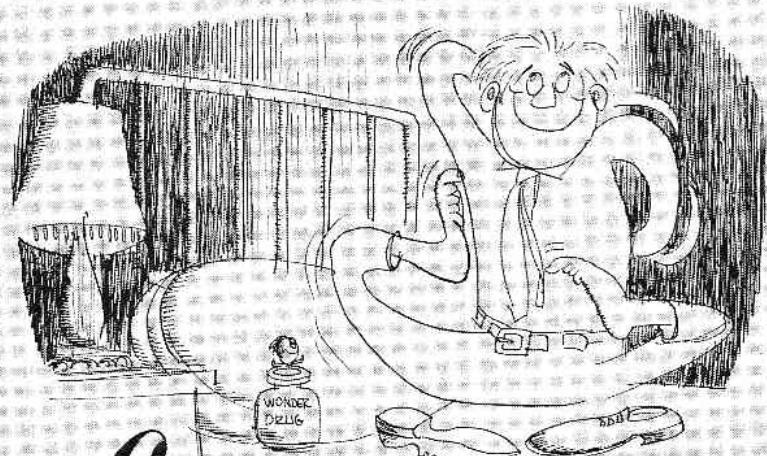




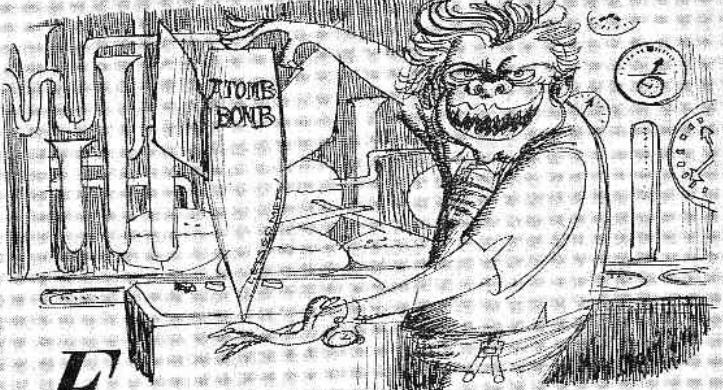
D IS FOR DOCTOR
THE HEALER IN WHITE
ALWAYS THERE AT YOUR BEDSIDE
(JUST DON'T CALL HIM AT NIGHT)
HE'LL SLICE OUT YOUR APPENDIX
HE WILL CURE ALL YOUR ILLS
BUT, YOU'LL HAVE A RELAPSE
WHEN HE SENDS YOU HIS BILLS



E STANDS FOR ELECTIONS
WHERE YOU CAN DECIDE
WHO WILL GET INTO OFFICE
AND HAVE A FREE RIDE
SURE, YOU CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO
BUT, THAT'S JUST HALF THE FUN
FOR, YOU NEVER CAN PICK OR CHOOSE
WHO IS TO RUN



G STANDS FOR GERMS
CURED BY NEW "WONDER" DRUGS
WHAT IT COSTS FOR THE CURE
I WOULD RATHER HAVE BUGS
FOR, THE PRICE THAT'S ATTACHED
TO EACH "MIRACLE" PORTION
THOUGH YOU JUST BUY A DROP
YOU FEEL YOU'VE BOUGHT AN OCEAN



F IS FOR FALLOUT
ATOMIC, THAT IS.
IT MAKES HAIR FALL OUT
AND YOUR KIDDIES MILK FIZZ.
AND SOME FUTURE UNBORNS
MAY YET TURN OUT TWO-HEADED.
BUT THEY SAY THERE'S NO HARM
SURE, I HEARD IT, THEY SAID IT



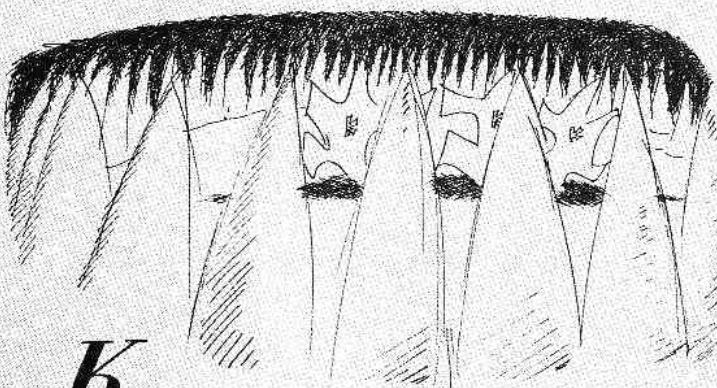
H IS FOR HOLLYWOOD
HOME OF THE STARS
WHERE KIDS HAVE EIGHT MOTHERS
AND SEVENTEEN PA'S
IT MUST BE CONFUSING
TO THE STARS' LITTLE CUBS
TO HAVE TO BELONG TO
"PARENT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUBS"



I STANDS FOR IVY
A COLLEGE THAT'S "RIGHT"
WHERE YOU CAN GOOF OFF
AND CAROUSE THE WHOLE NIGHT.
IT WON'T MATTER, IT'S TRUE
FOR, WHEN YOU GRADUATE—
IT'S YOUR SCHOOL AND NOT YOU
THAT EMPLOYERS WILL RATE



J IS FOR JUVENILE
OFFENDERS, THAT IS
JUST BE A TEEN-AGER
AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE PRIS.
GO ROBBING, GO MUGGING
HAVE FUN WITH YOUR KNIFE
YOU CAN ALWAYS GET OFF
WITH, "I'VE HAD A SAD LIFE"



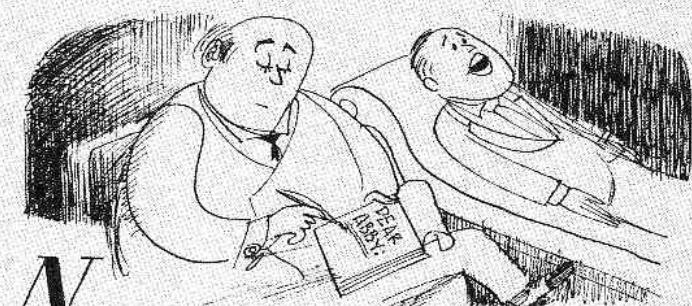
K STANDS FOR THE KLAN
THE WHITE-ROBED K.K.K.
WHO LIGHT CROSSES
(CAUSE THEY FEEL IMPORTANT THAT WAY)
IT MAKES THEM FEEL "BIG"
IN A NIGHT-RIDING MOB
FOR, COMES MORNING THEY'RE BACK
PUMPING GAS ON THEIR JOB



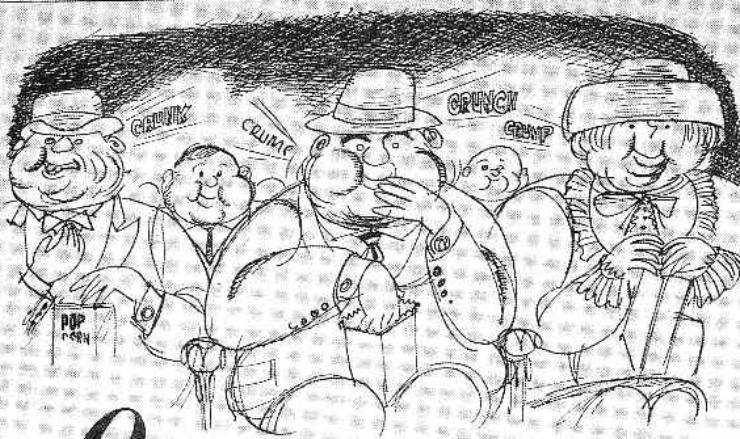
L IS FOR "LOLITA"
A PRECOCIOUS BRAIN-CHILD.
PEOPLE READ BOOKS LIKE THESE
AND BOOKS EQUALLY WILD.
THEN, THEY SAY: "IT'S OBSCENE!"
AND PROCEED TO DOWN-RATE IT
BUT, THEY READ IT EIGHT TIMES
(TO MAKE SURE THAT THEY HATE IT)



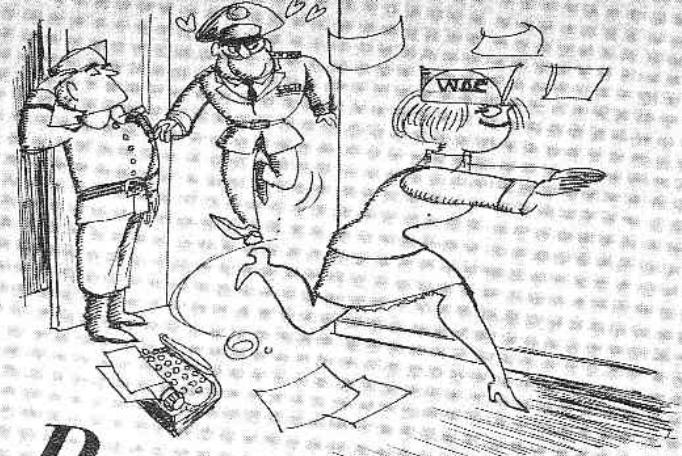
M STANDS FOR MOM
A FELLER'S BEST FRIEND
HIS BEST GIRL AND HIS FATHER
ONCE SHE STARTS, THERE'S NO END.
SHE WILL TAKE ALL THEIR PLACES
FOR, SOME MOMS ARE NO SLOUCHES
THAT'S WHY SONNY MAY SPEND
HALF HIS LIFE ON DOC'S COUCHES



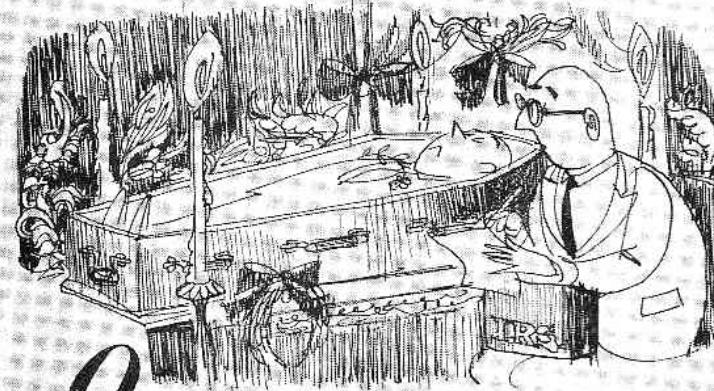
N IS FOR NEUROSIS
OUR MENTAL HEALTH'S SLIPPING
THE TIMES ARE SO TENSE
THAT MORE PEOPLE ARE FLIPPING
I WOULD NOT BE SURPRISED
TO SEE OFFICE SIGNS STATING
THE DOCTORS (LIKE BARBERS)
THREE COUCHES, NO WAITING!



O IS FOR OSCAR
THE STARS' TOP AWARD
THAT THEY GIVE TO SOME
ACTOR OR ACTRESS WHO SCORED.
BUT, AN OSCAR SHOULD GO
TO THE POP-CORN CONCESSION
THE BEST PART OF MOST PICTURES
THAT'S THIS CRITIC'S IMPRESSION



P IS FOR PENTAGON
A FIVE-SIDED JOINT
WHERE GUYS FROM ANNAPOLIS
MEET GUYS FROM WEST POINT
IT'S NOT TRUE THEY DO NOTHING
THEY ARE ALWAYS AT WAR
(FOR THE FAVORS OF WACS
ON THE TWENTY-FIRST FLOOR)



Q STANDS FOR QUESTIONS
THAT PEOPLE CAN'T STAND
ESPECIALLY PEOPLE WHO
RUN OUR "FAIR" LAND
THEY WILL QUESTION YOUR WEALTH
TILL YOU THROW IN THE TOWEL
BUT, JUST QUESTION THEIR HOLDINGS
AND HEAR THEM SHOUT, "FOUL!"



R IS FOR ROCKETS
TO SEND TO THE MOON
MAN IS SO "ADVANCED"
HE SHOULD REACH THIS GOAL SOON
BUT, IF EARTH-MAN RUNS INTO
SOME "UN-EARTHLY" BUNCH
IS HE READY TO TAKE OUT
A MARTIAN TO LUNCH?



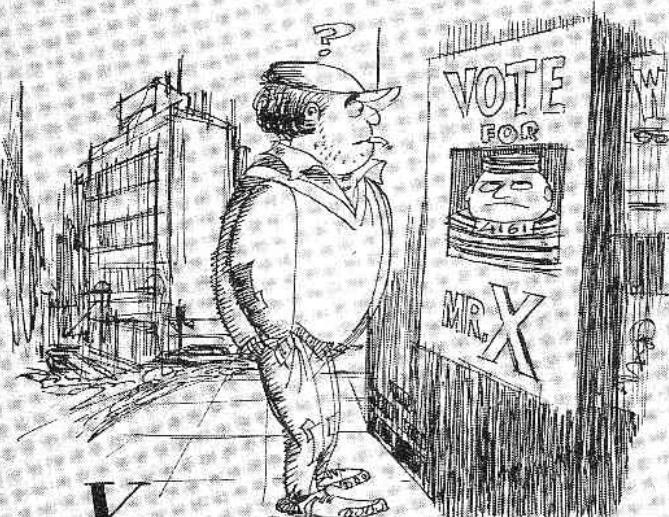
S STANDS FOR STATUS
THAT'S WHERE A GUY STANDS
IT MEANS, WHAT'S HIS JOB?
AND WHAT DOUGH HE COMMANDS.
MORE IMPORTANT'S THE LATTER
WHO CARES! WHAT'S HIS JOB?
IF IT DOESN'T PAY OFF
THEN HIS STATUS IS SLOB



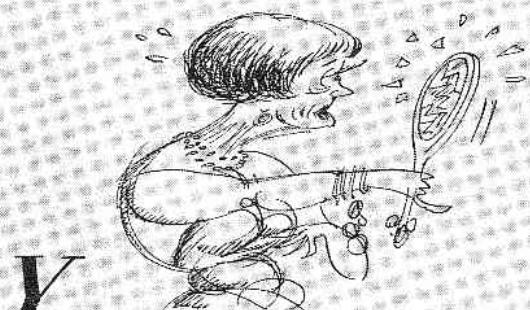
T STANDS FOR T.V.
THAT ELECTRONIC SLOP
THAT'S SERVED DAY AND NIGHT
TILL YOUR EYEBALLS GO POP!
AN INSULT TO YOUR BRAINS
AN ASSAULT ON YOUR EARS.
BUT IT'S NICE FOR THE SPONSORS
OF RAZORS AND BEERS



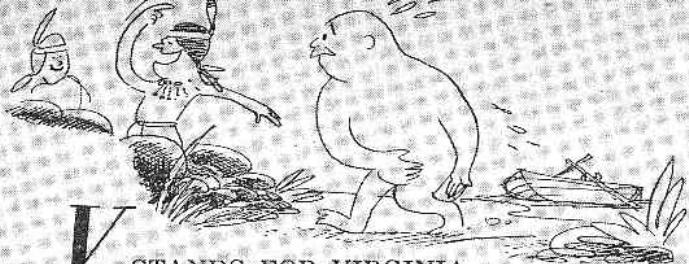
U STANDS FOR USELESS
LIKE YOUR LAST YEAR'S CAR
DRIVE IT ON TO THE JUNK HEAP!
(THIS YEAR'S MODEL'S THE STAR)
FOR, IF WE ALL KEPT RIDING
THE SAME BATTERED HEAP
THEY WOULD CLOSE UP THE COUNTRY
AND WE'D ALL GO TO SLEEP



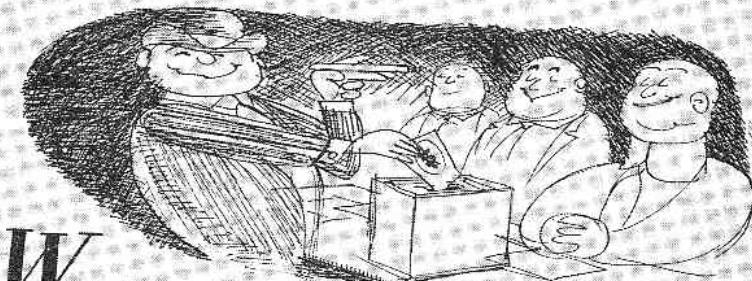
X STANDS FOR THE X
THAT WE MARK ON THE BALLOT.
IS THE WAY WE CHOOSE CANDIDATES
REASONABLY VALID?
DO WE VOTE FOR A MAN
'CAUSE HE'S REALLY A HERO?
OR, 'CAUSE HE'S NAMED RONZONI
O'TOOLE OR SHAPIRO?



Y IS FOR YOUTH
IT'S AN INDUSTRY, HERE
TO LOOK YOUNG, WOMEN SPEND
IN THE MILLIONS EACH YEAR
THEY HAVE FAITH IN MAX FACTOR
AND MADAME RUBENSTEIN
TO MAKE INTO A SWAN
EVERY FEM. FRANKENSTEIN



V STANDS FOR VIRGINIA
WHERE "FIRST FAMILIES" COME
PEOPLE WHO REALLY "COUNT"
THE REST? JUST PEASANTS, CHUM.
BUT, THEY CANNOT AFFORD
TO THROW THEIR PLYMOUTH ROCKS
THE "FIRST PEOPLE" WORE FEATHERS
AND MET THEM AT THE DOCKS



W IS FOR WHITE HOUSE
HOME OF EACH PRESIDENT
HE GETS THERE ON COOL CASH
(AND IS NOT HEAVEN-SENT)
FOR, TO GET HIM ELECTED
NOW RUNS INTO MILLIONS
SOON, WE'LL CHOOSE OUR NEW LEADERS
FROM WEALTHY BRAZILIANS



Z IS FOR ZEN
A PHILOSOPHY, WILD
TO APPRECIATE, YOU NEED
THE MIND OF A CHILD
FOR, KIDS OFTEN GET SPANKED
SO, THEY CAN UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S PROFOUND IN THE SOUND
OF THE CLAP OF ONE HAND

BUSINESS

Art by Jack Sparling Script by Bob Elliott

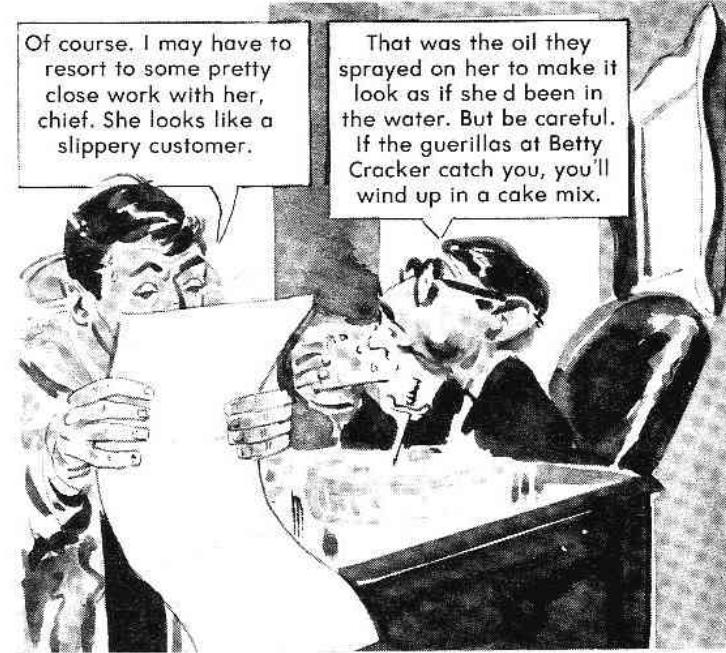
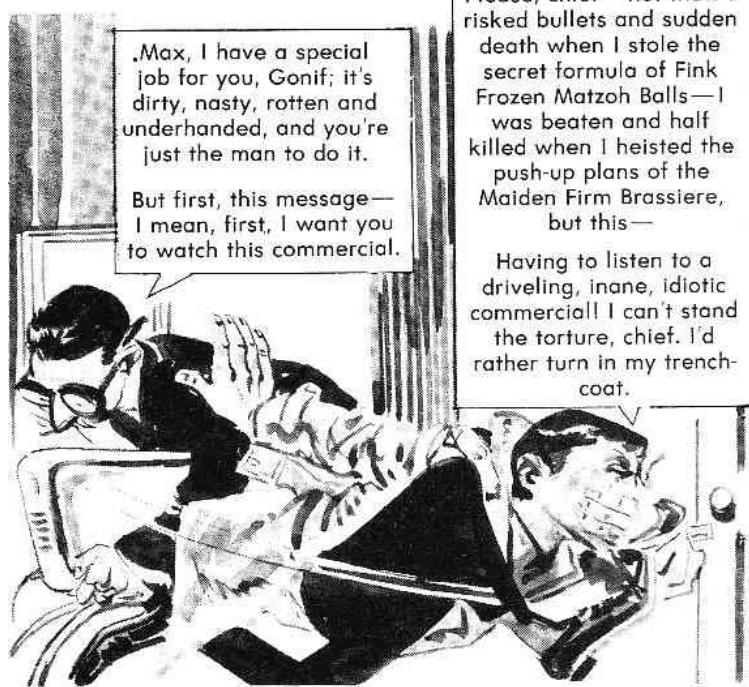
A former junior executive of Proctor and Gamble was recently accused of attempting to sell the secret plan of the company's million dollar Crest toothpaste program to the Colgate-Palmolive Co. for a measly \$20,000—which shows what kind of a

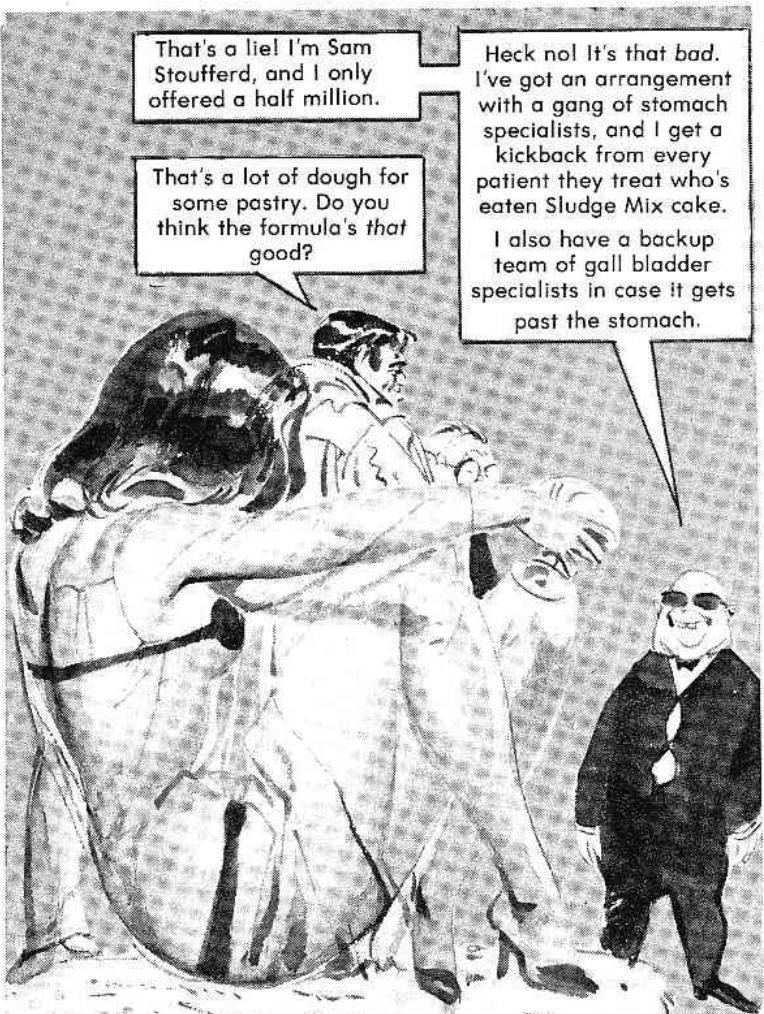
business head he had! This is just one example of the new look in business, where spying on your competitor and stealing his secrets is all part of the game, and if it continues to grow—scenes like the following may become commonplace as we follow a day in the life of

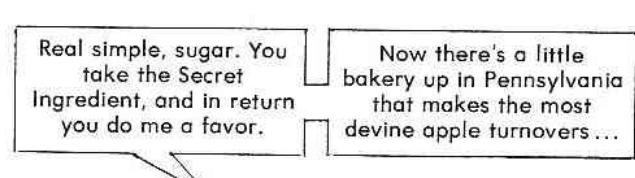
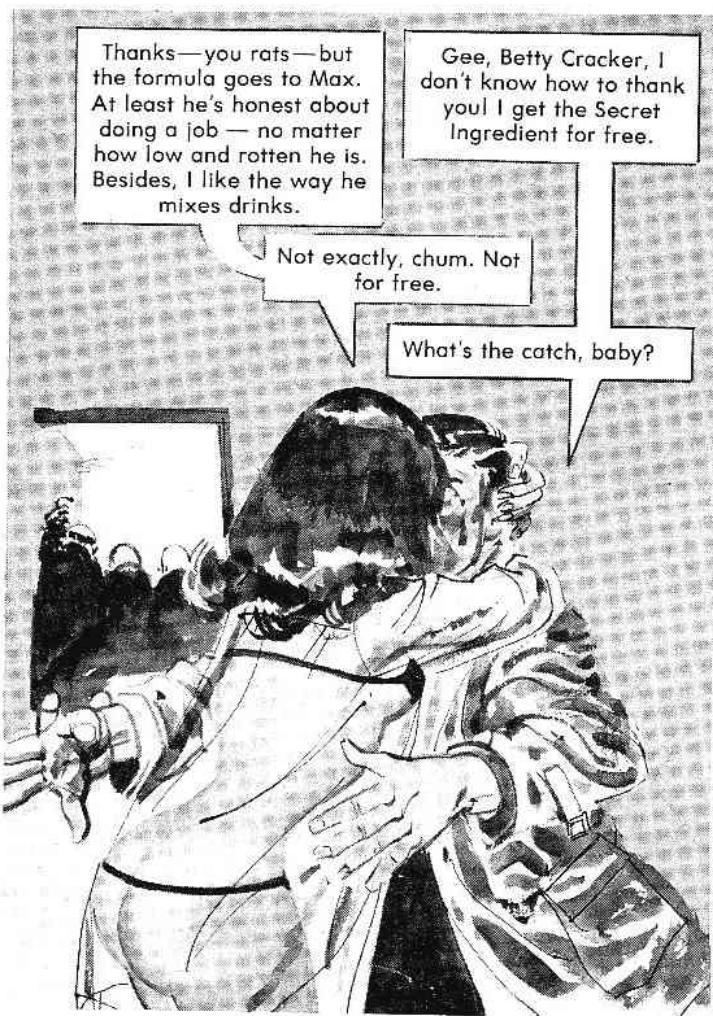
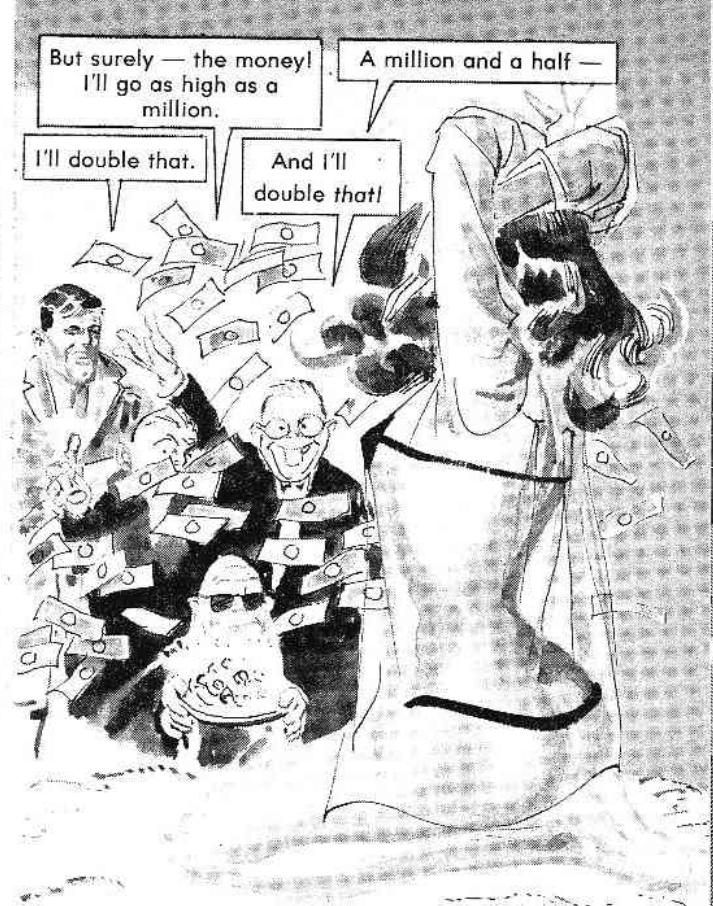
EXECUTIVE

SPY

SCENE: OFFICE OF FILCH AND PURLOIN, PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS: SECURITY GUARDS, DIVORCES, BUSINESS SECRETS STOLEN. THE PRESIDENT, SILAS CROOK, IS SPEAKING TO HIS TOP AGENT, MAX GONIF









by Jim Atkins

IF THE WORLD really is sick, it's because people don't laugh enough. This magazine is dedicated to making you laugh. But this doesn't always happen. Try to tell people something, and immediately you get too serious. I don't take myself too seriously. I just ran myself through an adding machine and found out I don't amount to much.

SOME PEOPLE have noticed that a well-known comedian uses some of my jokes on television. And that I use some of his jokes in SICK. We have a working arrangement. I steal some of his jokes and he steals some of mine. I guess that just the way the Autumn leaves.

NORTON MOCKRIDGE, NY World-Telegram and Sun (more names to be added later) columnist has asked: "What's happening to the fun in newspapers?" He, like all of us finds that the press takes itself too seriously. I guess that's just the way the meat loafs.

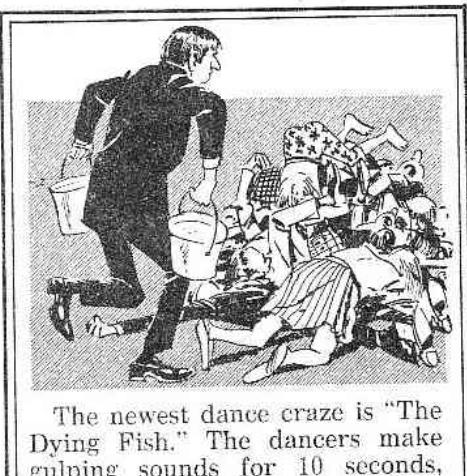
IT IS AGAINST the law for unmarried women to parachute in Florida on Sunday. Ah chute. I can only say that that's the way the kitchen sinks.

IN RUSSIA, two cosmonauts got married and now have a child. They're so happy they're in orbit.

W Sick Sick Sick World

I guess their child could be called a cosmotot? Just thought I'd ask... That new song that is "in" at Kilby Prison, Montgomery, Alabama: "Crime on My Hands." Other popular songs there are: "A Felony Needs A Girl," and "Three Cons in the Fountain." That's the way the bar flies.

BACK TO LAUGHTER... Somebody is doing something about laughter. George Q. Lewis, head of National Laugh Foundation, will teach you to laugh. He advises you to limber up your face by smiling, grinning, etc. "It may seem silly, but so are laughing exercises," he says, laughingly. Then you can go on to advanced laughter, such as "the chuckle, the animal laugh, the guffaw and the motor boat laugh." His most famous graduate of laughter school is "Mr. Giggles," who has recorded an album of laughter.



The newest dance craze is "The Dying Fish." The dancers make gulping sounds for 10 seconds, then fall on the dance floor, make a couple of fish-like gasping sounds. Then they lie on the floor motionless for the remainder of the song. They get up when someone pours water in their faces.



You can get fed up with anything. Now the Navy has gotten fed up with overfed sailors. In the armed forces, you don't just tell people not to eat more. You have to write a memo and use a lot of jargon, otherwise any idiot could do your job. So the Navy has now instructed commanders to crack down on men guilty of "dietary indiscretion."

Fat sailors can now be kicked out of the Navy.

Doctors are ordered to report to commanders any men who become flabby.

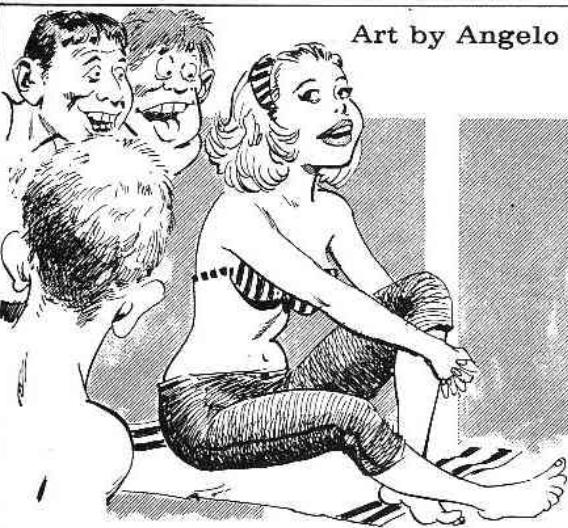
What the Armed Forces really needs to do, is be on the lookout not for men with fat bodies, but for men with fat heads, who talk about "dietary indiscretion."

Woody Allen says his ex-wife was a philosophy major. "We always had deep philosophical discussions," he says. "She always proved that I didn't exist."

MAN WITH PULL... Ill. State Representative Harold Katz has a lot of pull. While pulling the electronic voting switch on his desk in the Ill. House he sprained his back, and now he's ill.

In Stoke on Trent, England, 20 local wives formed a club to oppose the Henpecked Husbands Club. Their Club is called "The Domineers." Their badge shows a woman smashing a plate over a man's head. I tried to join the Henpecked Husbands Club, but my wife wouldn't let me.

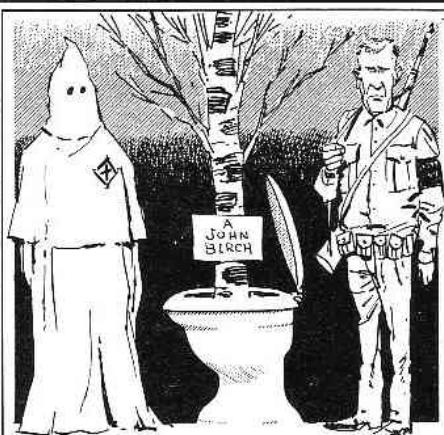
Art by Angelo Torres



From the *Alabama U. Sundial*: "Did you hear about the chickens that ate racing forms and are now laying odds?" Or, Dr. Ling Poo stated in the Sundial that, "Tight clothing does not stop a girl's circulation. The tighter her clothes, the more she circulates."



A 15-year-old Scottish student, John Gardiner, had some trouble with a nude tattoo. It was on his arm. His headmaster wouldn't let him come to school so John had a tattooist draw a skirt and blouse over the shapely figure, and now he's back in school.



You can always tell a real patriot. He wants to overthrow the government.

Wilson Mizner says that a fellow who is always declaring he's no fool usually has his suspicions.

THE AP SAYS that an Indian went fishing in Nyasaland and lost his wristwatch. Later his brother, fishing nearby, caught a bass, and when they cleaned the fish, they found the watch inside still ticking. "I know it sounds fishy, but it's true," said the Indian. This might be a good time to ask, "How?" Frankly, this story sounds to me like an old timer...Or as Napoleon Jones once said: "If I come back before I arrive, hold me until I get here."

In Mexico City, parkers have been complaining so much about the attendants and their fender-denting parking, that the city will force them to get drivers' licenses.

* * *

From the Indianapolis Star: "The Communists should note that the new Army underwear can be taken off in 10 seconds. This means the U.S. has the fastest drawers in the West."

George Bernard Shaw said: "My method is to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say, and then to say it with the utmost levity." He also said: "Life is a disease; and the only difference between one man and another is the stage of the disease at which he lives." Now the question is: Why was a man as brilliant as Shaw so pessimistic? If you have the answer to this, please send it to Lenny Bruce, if you can find out what jail he's in. Bruce has nothing to do with this, I just like to mention his name. I don't know why, I guess because he's so famous. If you know why I like to mention his name, don't write me about it. I'm just not interested.

Guess what Jayne Mansfield is proud of. It's a statistic. The number is 164.

That's her IQ. Now we know how smart she really is. She's also proud of another statistic—41-18-35½.

She wants to play more serious roles and to utilize her high IQ. But she's smart enough to still play some dumb blond roles.

These interviews with movie stars are always interesting. Nobody ever checks facts, they just print what the star says.

One time a well-known actress was given the wrong interview material. When reporters questioned her she told them she used to be a boxer before she got into show business.



Press agents are weird people. I knew one press agent who was broken, and went around leaking stories.

Press agents also are supposed to send columnists jokes they want attributed to their clients. They don't service *this* column. If they'll just send us the name of their client, I'll write the joke and put it in the column.

Recently a \$17,000 Lincoln Continental was purchased for shipment to Lenin-grad, and intended for use by Foreign Minister Groymeko. With the shades of Marx and Engels looking over their shoulders, we imagine his bosses' reaction was something like this.

Art by Angelo Torres
Script by Bob Elliott

Report from Moscow



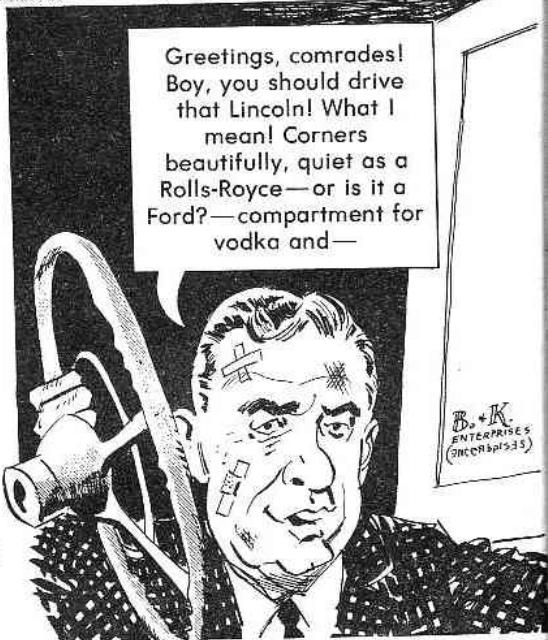
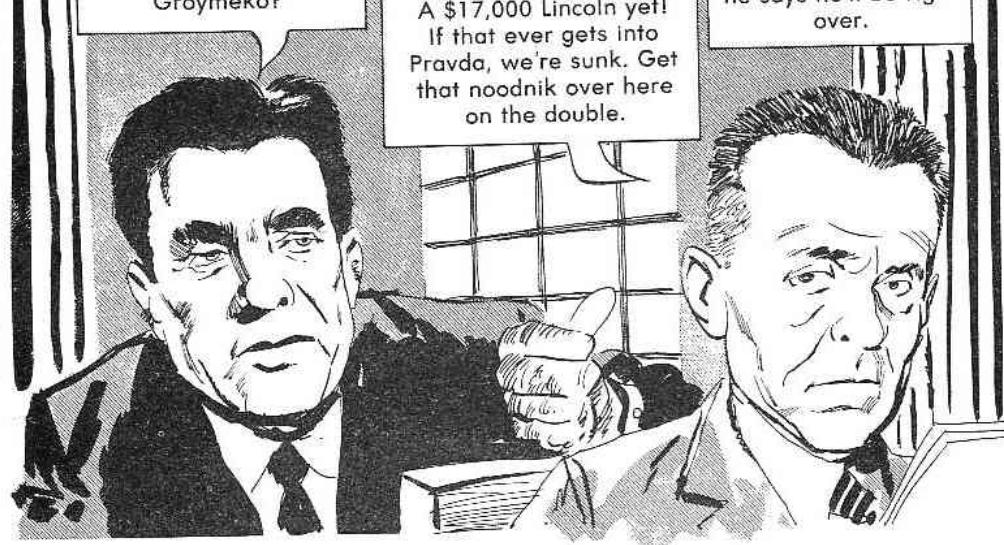
You heard the news, comrad? About that nut Groymeko?

Have I? Ptui! That Andrei! A \$17,000 Lincoln yet! If that ever gets into Pravda, we're sunk. Get that noodnik over here on the double.

He's out practicing parallel parking, but he says he'll be right over.

Greetings, comrades! Boy, you should drive that Lincoln! What I mean! Corners beautifully, quiet as a Rolls-Royce—or is it a Ford?—compartment for vodka and—

B. & K.
ENTERPRISES
(INCORPORATED)



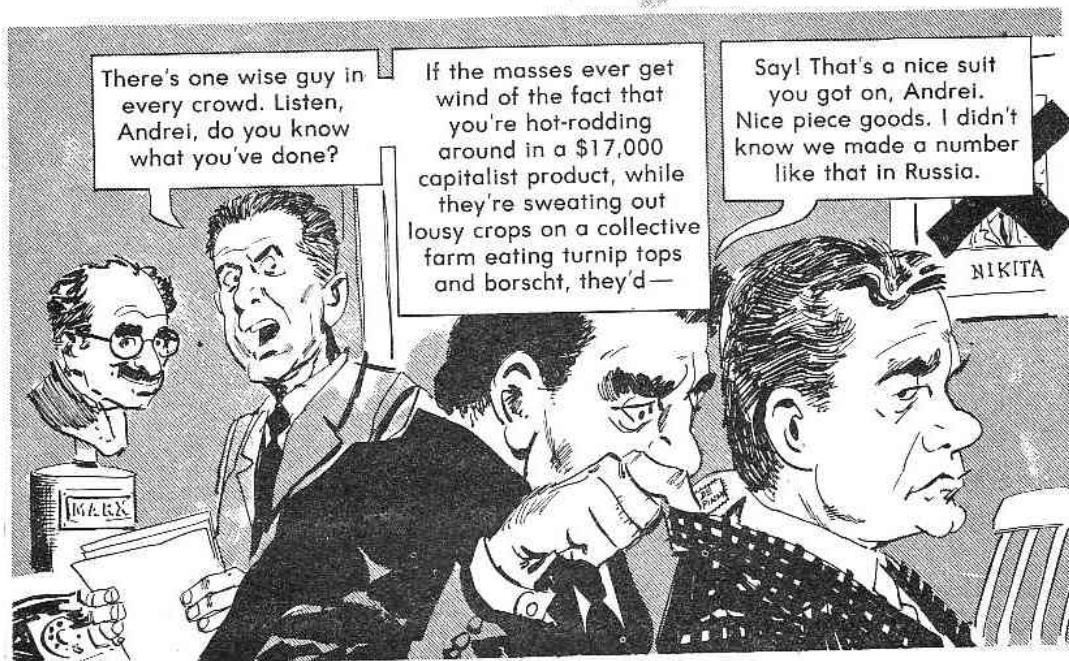
There's one wise guy in every crowd. Listen, Andrei, do you know what you've done?

If the masses ever get wind of the fact that you're hot-rodding around in a \$17,000 capitalist product, while they're sweating out lousy crops on a collective farm eating turnip tops and borscht, they'd—

Say! That's a nice suit you got on, Andrei. Nice piece goods. I didn't know we made a number like that in Russia.

We don't. I picked this up in de Pinna's.

de Pinna? A Communist outfit in Rome, no doubt.



Like it? I love it. Mind if I try on the jacket?

Not at all. We're about the same size.

Say, this is rich! What a feel to the material. So how much?

200 rubles.

Leapin' Lenin! That's more than the average working man gets in a month of no Sundays.

I know, baby, but I'm not the average working man. Now—what about the Lincoln Continental?

Well, Andrei—we're always yapping about the class struggle, and the great Commie—pardon, Communist state, and sacrifice, and state ownership, and all that crap, and you wreck the image by converting to capitalism—

Theoretically. Couldn't you have bought a tractor or a bulldozer?

Ever try to get a good looking dame to go out in a tractor? Besides, the bill-of-lading says "Tank. For military use only."

So who's to know? But I promise to drive it only at night.

Some miserable peasant's bound to see it and ask questions.

So we establish a curfew. Everyone off the streets by 7 P.M. or we liquidate the whole country. Phrase it nicely, of course.

I don't know, Andrei. The people are getting pretty hep.

Hip, Leonid.

US BOLSHEVIK SMOKERS WOULD RATHER SWITCH THAN FIGHT...
Leon Trotsky

PLAYBOY

Look, you set up the curfew, I let you ride in my Lincoln. You can even listen to Radio Free Europe—air conditioned yet.

It's a deal. Now—say! That's a beautiful wrist watch you got. Not made in Russia, naturally.

Naturally. Like it?

Boyoboy! Listen, comrade, when you going to America next?

Tomorrow. I'm stopping off to see that fink Castro before I go to the Dominican Republic for my capitalistic agression speech, and on the way back I stop off at the UN to deliver my usual war-mongering speech leveled at the United States and the John Birch Society.

A JOHN BIRCH

You think you'll have time to stop at de Pinna's?

Sure, boss. Just give me your measurements.

And give the Lincoln Continental factory a call, Andy. May I call you Andy? I feel so capitalistic! Order for me a "tank" like yours, with white walls, bar, air, radio—and they should paint it a nice bright red. I want it loaded with extras.

And about that watch—

I just happen to have a couple of extras. I was going to make a 20,000% profit on the Black Market, but for a couple of pals—

Happiness is being top dog and getting a Bulova free.

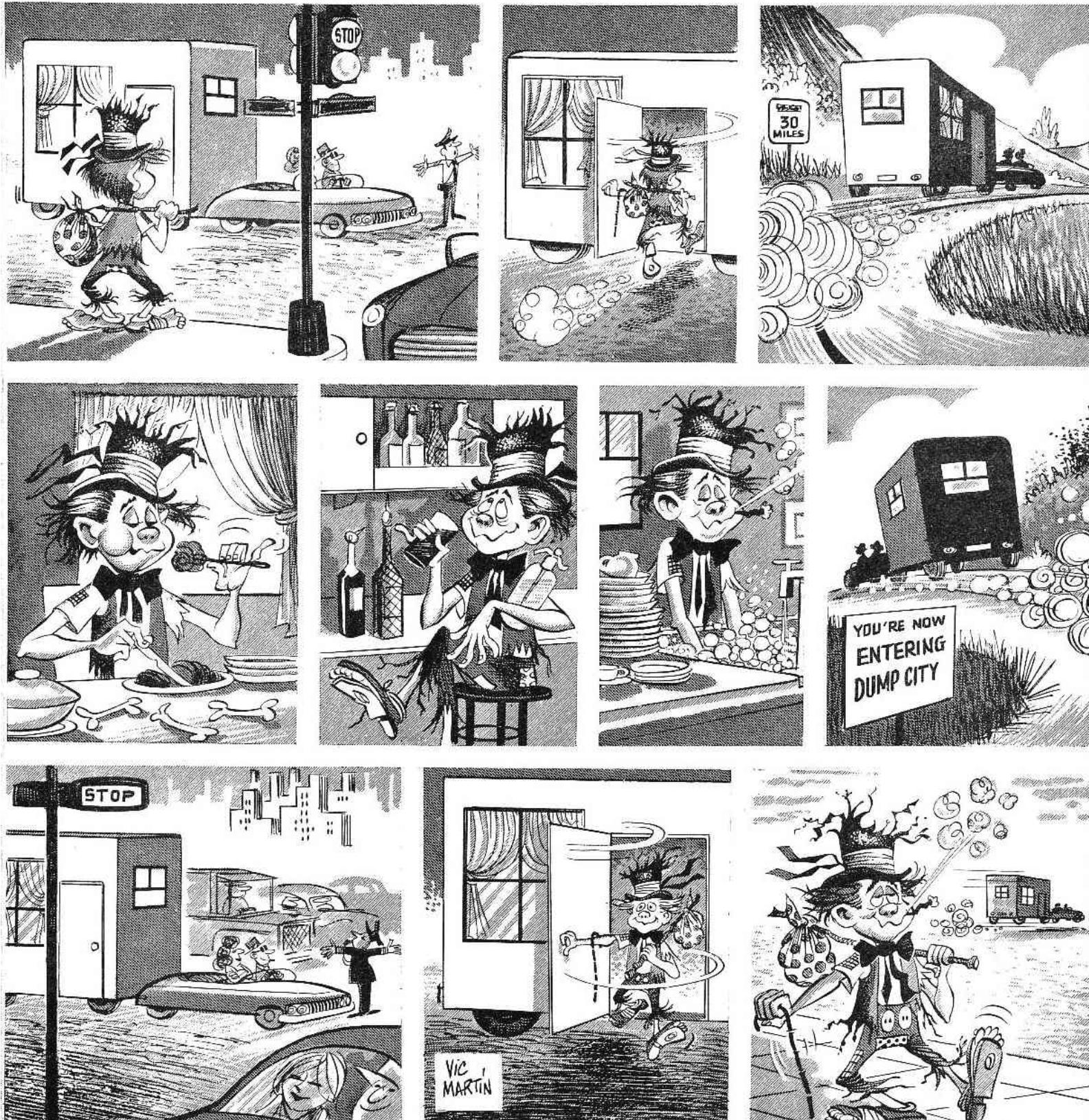
Have a nice trip, Andy, and one more thing.

Use discretion, but ask around how long it takes to become an American citizen.

ANDREI IS A CAPITALIST
DOWN WITH A.G.P.
HUMANITY IS A DEATH
SICKNESS

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINK The TRAVELER

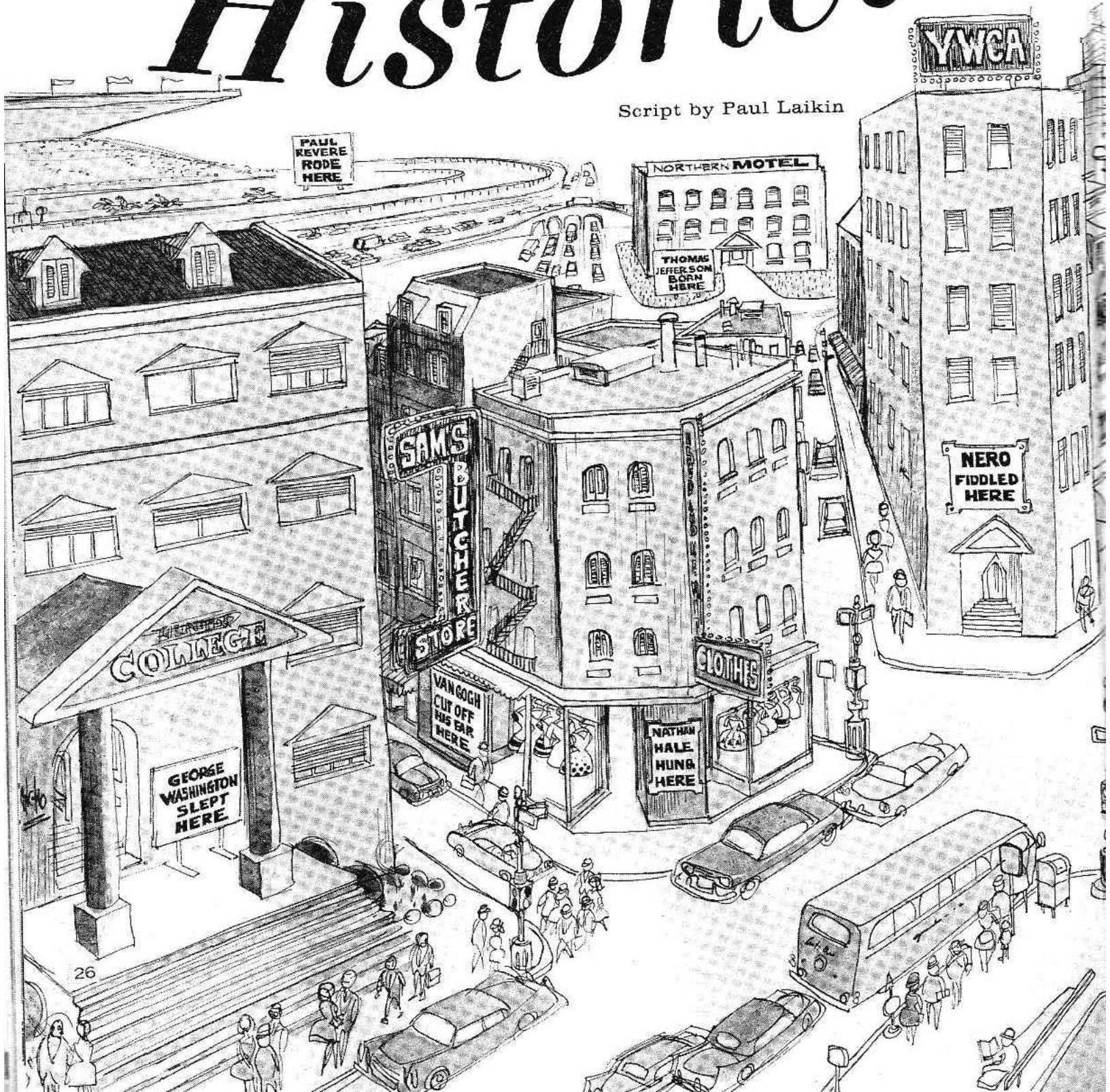
Art by Vic Martin



Traditionally, historic events of importance are commemorated by a sign or plaque on the spot where it happened. Through the years, however, changes have been made and the surroundings become quite different. Often there is a great contrast, as with these...

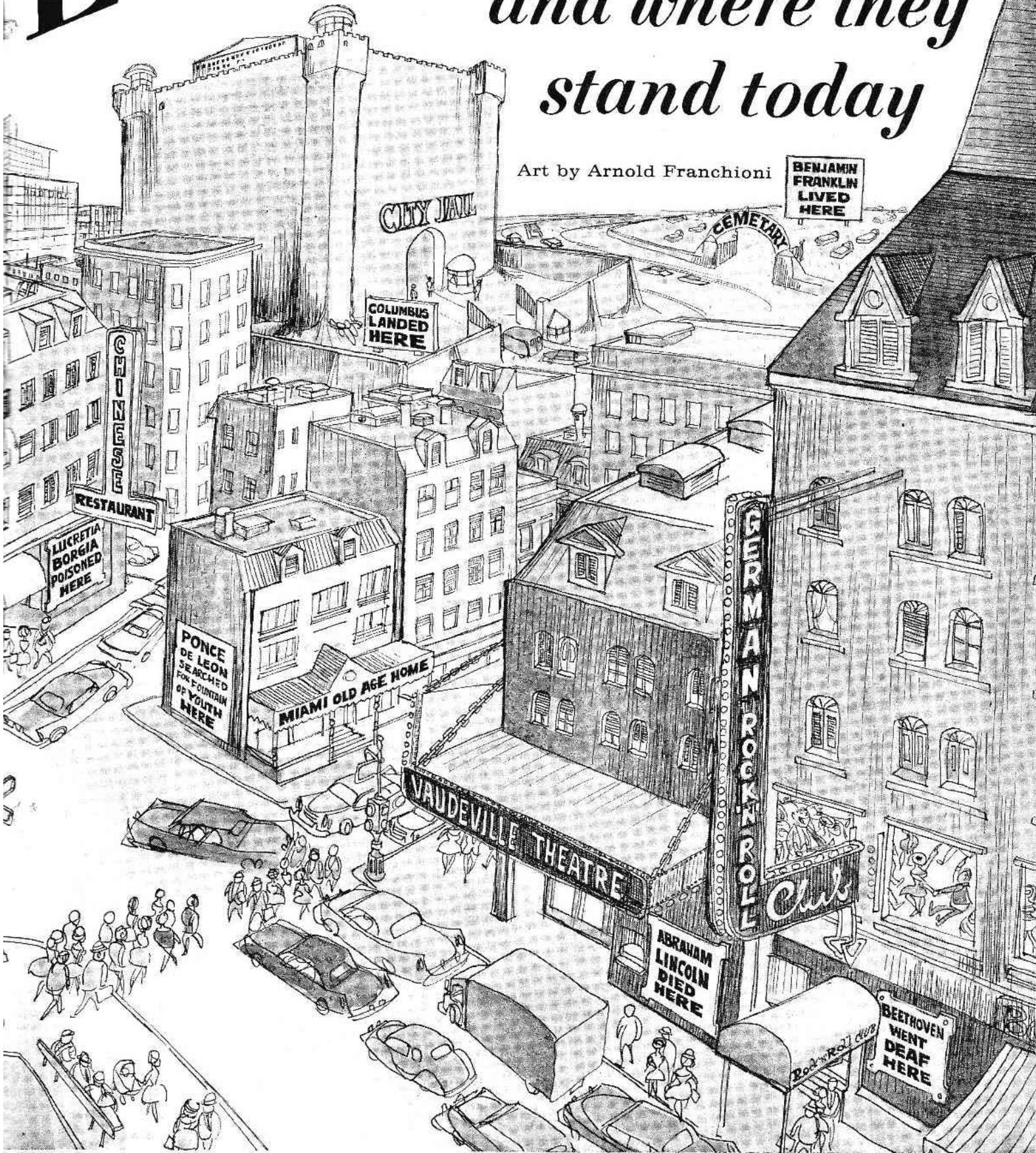
Historical

Script by Paul Laikin



Landmarks and where they stand today

Art by Arnold Franchioni



MOVIE SPOOF

by Paul Laikin

BEACH PARTY A-GO-GO

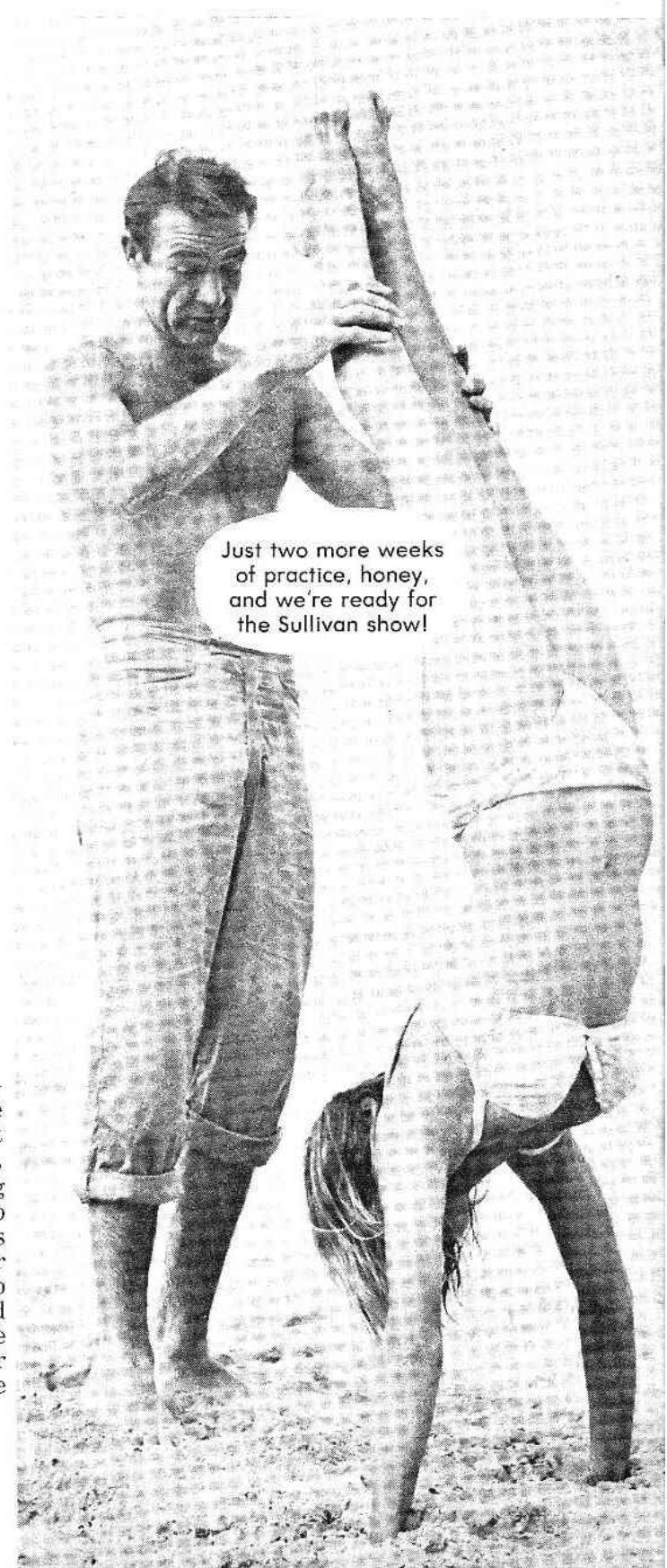
This is the beach party movie to end all beach party movies. And this may very well happen after people see it. It's an adult beach party movie. This means there aren't any guitars, Watusi dancing, surfboard riding or Frankie Avalon. There are only two people in it—sort of a private beach party. This beach is so exclusive it has an unlisted ocean.

Here we have a simple love story of two people stranded on a beach together. The story is so simple that it wasn't even written. The two people were thrown together and told to fake a story. They did so well that you know the story's a fake. It's so realistic that you get a sunburn watching it.

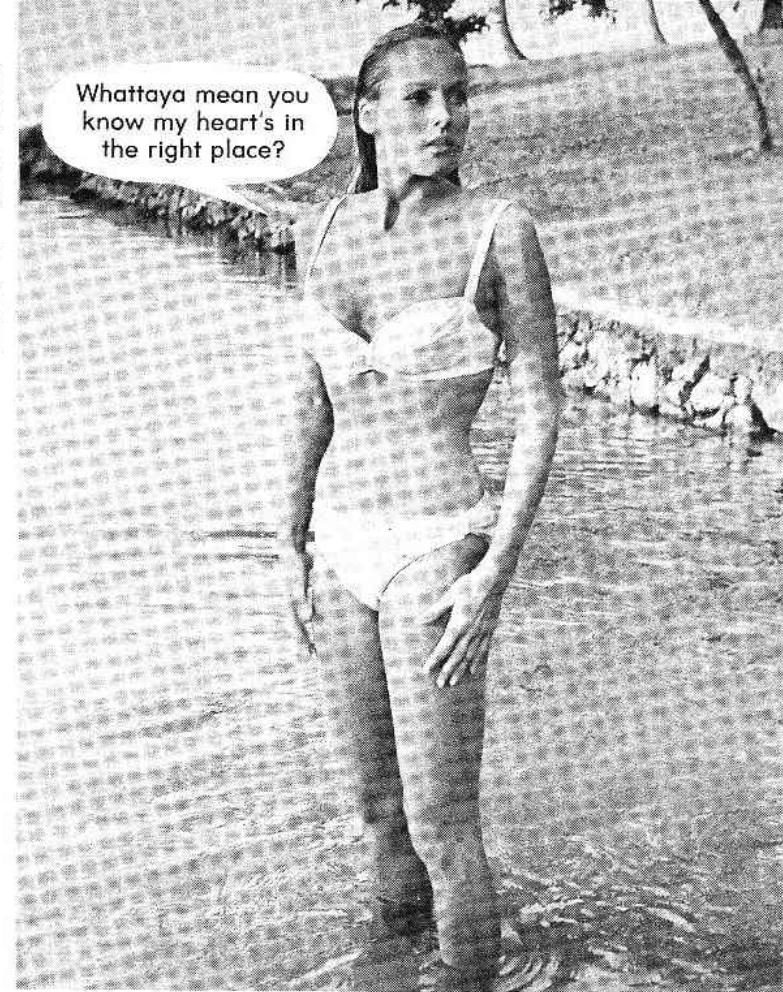
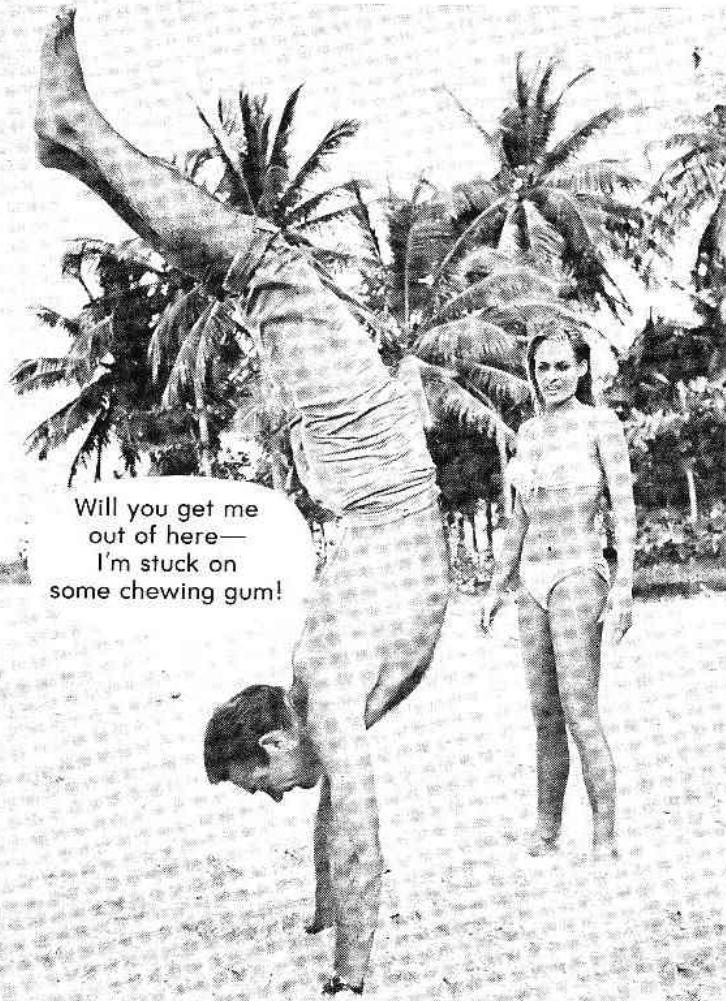
The movie stars Conn Seanery as James Blonde, a fun-loving, thrill-seeking, tear-jerking, gal-chasing young beachcomber who's got a way with women. In fact, he's gotten away with more women than you can shake a stick at. Moreover, he has to shake a stick at some to get them out of his hair. Co-starring with him is Arsula Undress as Gussy Palore, who plays the part of a female beachcomber. She only works female beaches. Arsula is the type whose bathing suit never gets wet. This is because she never wears one. They can't even arrest her for indecent exposure. As a matter of fact, it's the most decent exposure in the film. She's there to decorate the scenery and we see a lot of great interior decorating. Also posterior decorating in the background scenes.

Produced on a G-String budget, it was made in five days. Originally, it was supposed to be seven days but it rained that weekend. It's from Anonymous Productions and if the picture's a hit they'll give their right names. It's due to be released next summer if the tide is right. With all this jazz out of the way, let's get on with the story...

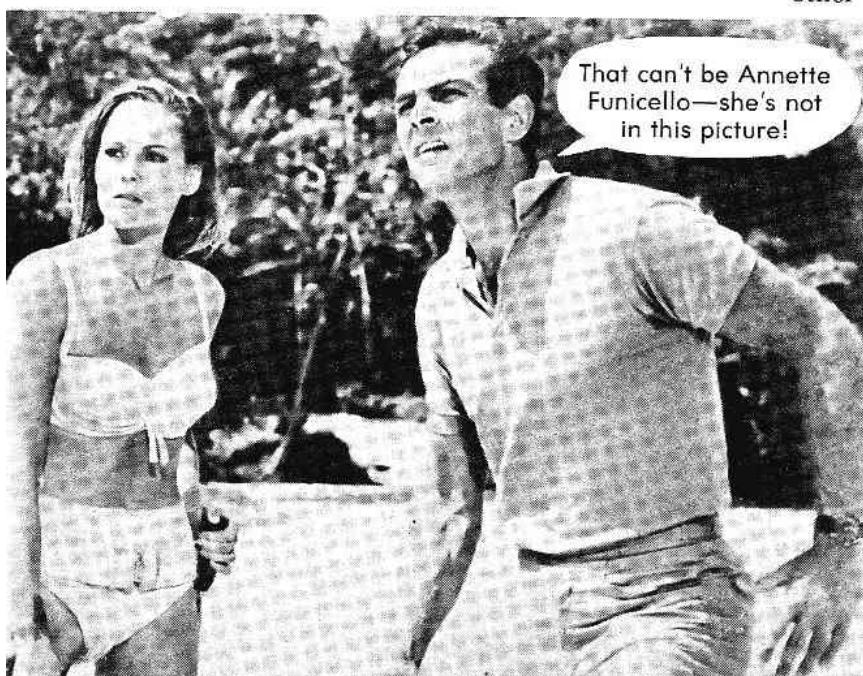
James Blonde (CONN SEANERY) is a real beachcomber. He walks along the beach with a comb. He gets a kick out of seeing the waves but hates all that dandruff. One day, as he's combing a sandman's scalp, he notices a shapely young girl in a bikini standing on her head. His curiosity aroused, he walks over to her. She thinks he wants to get fresh and so she asks if he wants *his* head handed to him. Not having a silver platter, he answers in the negative. One thing leads to another and in no time at all, they're heels over head in love with each other. It happens this fast because they couldn't ad lib a courtship. Anyway, he brings her an upside down cake as a token of his affection and she bends over backwards to show hers.



The girl is Gussy Palore (ARSULA UNDRESS), who has a figure even dogs whistle at. She likes to walk around on her hands. It seems she's awkward and doesn't know what to do with her feet. Because of this, she wears hand mocassins and has a large sorority ring on her left toe. She's the only girl with corns on her pinky. Men worship the ground she thumbs on. It all started after reading the Yellow Pages and she really let her fingers do the walking. Now she's a girl who can hitchhike with her big toe. Also, she goes over big at parties—especially when she stands on her head while wearing an evening gown.



James and Gussy soon have a big thing going. Unfortunately, it isn't the plot—which is beginning to drag. She teaches him how to stand on his head and he teaches her how to lie on her back. They start behaving like Tommy Sands and Annette Funicello. They do crazy things like putting seashells to their ears to hear the ocean's roar. Then they put their ears to the ocean's roar and start hearing seashells. They write love letters in the sand to each other, but when she isn't looking he erases them as he remembers never to put anything in writing. He brings her presents like dried seaweed and jellyfish and she takes it all with a grain of salt. Life is peaceful and serene and they vow to love each other till the sands grow wet.



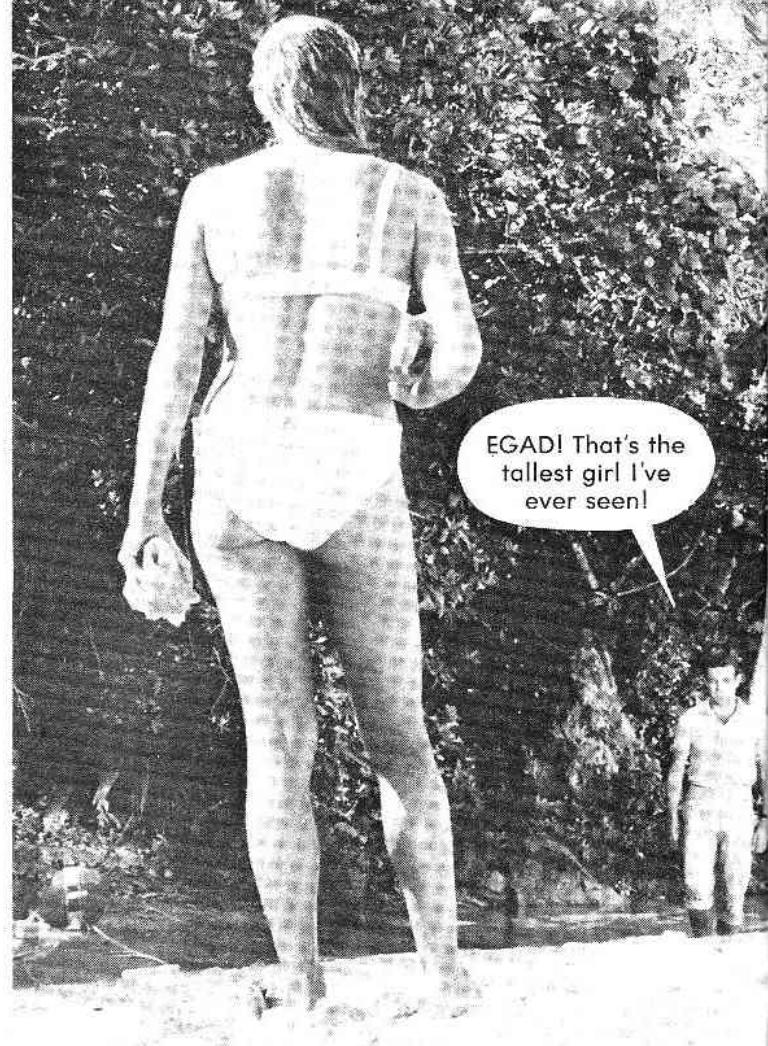
One day they find themselves in an argument for the first time. It's over some silly thing like who should take the garbage out to the trash can under the boardwalk. One word leads to another and soon they're boiling mad—since they've been arguing under a hot sun. She points out that they have nothing in common as they come from different sides of the water. She was brought up on the white sanded beaches of the Riviera and he's from the litter sanded beaches of Coney Island. She tells him "you can stand on your head from today til tomorrow—I'm leaving you!" He answers, "go and never darken my shores again!" He thinks she's bluffing but when she packs her bikini and takes off he starts to cry. He gets down on his hands and head to beg her to stay but she goes away.

By now, James is all broken up. He looks for anything that will make him forget. He tries counting the sand on the beach but runs out of adding machine paper. He even tries to improve his diction by talking with pebbles in his mouth, but after three days he begins to sound like Alfred Hitchcock. Finally, he tries committing suicide by burying himself in the sand but gets fouled up trying to put up a cross on the grave. When nothing works, he decides to put his thumb down and stand on his own two hands. He decides to go find her and drag her bodily back to the beach. And so he packs his trunks and sets out after her.

That's a great
impression of Mussolini...
who else do
you do?

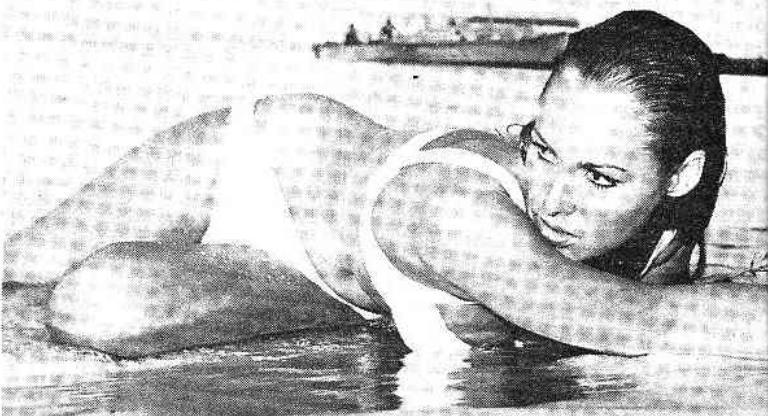
Don't be
so nosy!

This is the first time we've ever given away the ending to a movie spoof—but this ending is so bad we're glad to give it away. This picture is a real tear-jerker, guaranteed to make you cry—mainly for your money back!



To make a short story long, he finally finds her standing on her head in front of a hot dog stand under an arcade. When he sees her she's eating a knish upside down and it gets very messy when the insides start to ooze out. Wiping her chin with his towel, their eyes meet and once again bells start to ring. This is the final bell signaling the end of the movie so that the both of them will know when to stop acting. As the words "The End" flash on the screen, they are seen walking on their hands back to the beach—tenderly holding each other's feet.

Darling, will you
let go of my leg
and let me swim
ashore!



TRENDS

We always thought SICK was the funniest magazine in the world. Then we looked at today's adventure comic books and settled for second place. That is, until

recently when we came across some fan magazines devoted to these adventure books. Now we don't know where we stand after reading fanzines like...

The Comic Book Fanzine

SUPERFAN

A SUPERFAN FIRST:
BIRD BRAIN
VS
DEADBEAT



Joe Simon



EXCLUSIVE:
Ostrich Boy Meets Rhinoceros Girl!

Win A Date With The Girl Who's
Secretary To The Artist Who Inks
MIGHTY MUSK OX

Can The Battling Bellhop Beat
The FANTASTIC FLORIST
An Open Letter To Super Caterpillar

SPECIAL 19-PAGE DULL-COLOR SECTION ON THE LEAPIN' LIZARD

SUPERFAN

THE ADVENTURE
COMICS FANZINE



A LOOK AT HAPPENINGS IN THE COMIC BOOK WORLD

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Is Tree Man Going To The Dogs?
Where To Join A Fan Club For The Gefilte Fishman
Latest Adventures Of Mighty Squirrel
Why I'd Give My Life For The Incredible Goose
Is Hyena Man Coming Back For The Last Laugh?
The Most Unforgettable Monster I've Ever Met

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Names of our Editorial Staff are being withheld because if our parents ever found out what we were doing they'd murder us!

SUPERFAN is published irregularly—whenever our parents give us some extra money—and is distributed by whoever has the car at the time. Subscription rates are \$986 for two issues per year as the cost of the printing. is ridiculous. Not responsible for any solicited material in the mail as all of our stuff is unsolicited. PRINTED IN ERROR.

next issue:
The FLY meets
The Zipper

America's New Super-Duper Hero

War Bond SECRET AGENT 1875



Better known as "The Man From Uncle Sam" he is an undercover agent for the U.S. Government from where he fights the secret organization known as C.O.M.M.I.E.

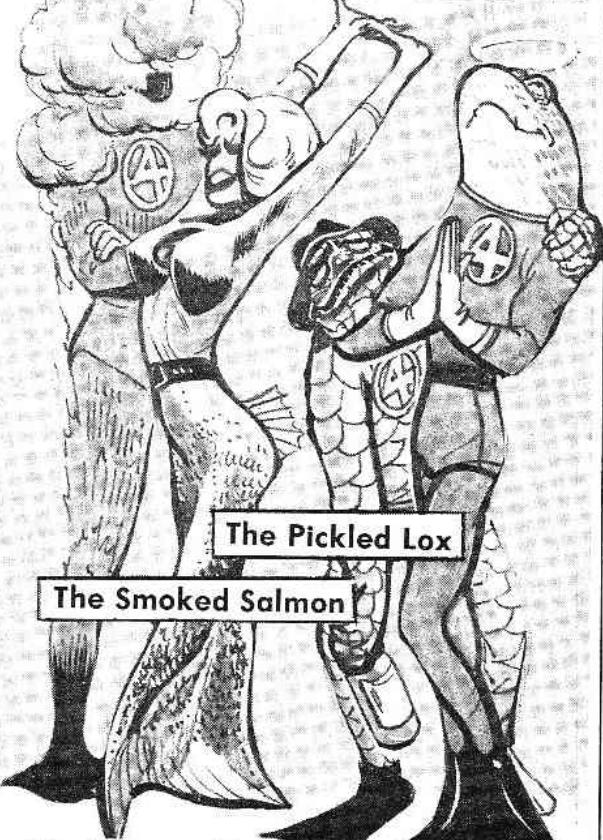
HIS FIRST BIG
ADVENTURE IN

ULTRASICK COMICS

PIN-UPS OF THE MONTH

Incredibly Fishy Comics'
Leading Heroes

FinTastic 4



The Pickled Lox

The Smoked Salmon

The Kippered Herring

The Holy Mackerel

GIANT CONTEST

THINK OF NAME FOR THIS HERO



Just think up a good name for this super-hero as the editors are waiting to put him in the works and can't come up with a name.

Winner will receive \$500 in prizes or 35¢ cash (our prizes are worthless)

Contest closes whenever we get a good name. Decision of our judges' wives are final. In case of tie he will be called by both names. Send in your entry today as we may soon go out of business.

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and many others in daring and revealing poses.

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SUPERFAN PREVIEW



APE GIRL

The only hairy girl hero in the comic book world today, her long bushy hair falls down over her entire body. She can crush the most powerful of men in her arms. Although not fun to be with on a date, she is handy to have around when evil lurks its eerie head.



THE SWINGING SURGEON

Armed with only a small scalpel in his hand, this hero can incapacitate his enemy with a single thrust in a vital area. A genuine cutup, this masked and gloved foe of diseased minds also introduces germ warfare in the perennial battle against evil.



THE GALLANT GARBAGEMAN

Gathering up the trash and wastrels of the underworld, this ultra-super hero swoops up his victims in an enormous garbage can. He can clean up an entire city singlehandedly. His only major opponent is his deadly foe, *The Sadistic Litterer*, who constantly thwarts his endeavors.



THE DEADLY DENTIST

Armed with a supersonic electric drill, he painfully inflicts it on villains until they wince in agony. Getting on the nerves of his opponents, his deadly gas incapacitates them while he continues on digging out the roots of the criminal underworld. Small wonder that his foes say they need him like a hole in the head.



SUPER BEDBUG

Crawling out of the woodwork with all the savage fury at his disposal, this fearless scourge of the underworld terrifies the most powerful of foes. A night fighter, he surprises them in their beds when they're most susceptible. Together with his girl friend, *Lady Bug*, he leads a pack of hundreds on a rampant rage against crime.



SCRATCHO, THE LICE MAN

This brand-new adventure book terror gets in the hair of his opponents and causes them to scratch themselves to death. Armed with but a tiny spray can for a weapon, he unleashes thousands of tiny lice which infect his victims and drive them insane. His perennial foe, *The Hangnail*, is the only one who causes him trouble.

OF NEW SUPER HEROES



PERCY THE PIRATE

Scourge of the seven seas, this super-hero takes from the rich luxury ships and unloads the stuff on poor tramp steamers. Working out of the Harlem River in New York, his emblem—a skull and fishbones—strikes terror into the hearts of all those who see it. Definitely not for weak stomachs.



THE PLUNGING PSYCHIATRIST

This hero destroys his enemies by just talking to them. He makes them feel so insecure that they give up in sheer futility. What he does is give them instant psychoses—driving his victims so crazy that they finally crack up. Scaring thru the skies on his Magic Couch, he is the terror of sick minds everywhere.



THE FIGHTING EMBALMER

Not only does this super-hero destroy his foes but he embalms them as well so that they never looked better in their lives. Armed with a deadly fluid gun he jabs his way into all veins of corruption. His sidekick, *The Merry Mortician*, provides comic relief for these otherwise grim tales.



THE TERRIBLE TAPEWORM

This down-to-earth super-being will eat his way into your heart. A real stomach-turner to those who start up with him, his presence is felt in many circles. What he does is cause his victims to overeat until they explode and fade from the scene. Together with *The Roast Pork-man*, he has one gluttonous adventure after another.



THE GRINNING GRAVEDIGGER

This refreshing new super-hero also wreaks havoc on the underworld. His delightfully different trademark however, is that he buries his victims immediately after the kill. Posing as a dead-beat in society, he comes alive only at night from his headquarters in Tombstone, Arizona, to shovel in the dirt and grime of corruption.



THE GIANT TERMITE

BITING AWAY AT THE VICIOUS FORCES OF EVIL, THIS TOOTHY NEW HERO CAN WRECK AN ENTIRE HOUSE FULL OF VILLAINS. RACING FROM OUT OF THE WALLS AT NIGHT, HE GNASHES HIS TEETH ON MANKIND'S FOES. TOGETHER WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE, *THE GNAWING GNAT*, HE IS A DESTRUCTIVE FOE OF WRONG DOERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

LONGJOHN, THE UNDERWEAR MAN

Clad in a real union suit, this hero battles the villains who strike at night. Wearing no insignia on his long white underwear, he's able to move inconspicuously in the shadows of the city. For the summer he takes off his costume and becomes *Jockey Shorts* — terror of the day people. Along with his romantic interest, *The Pajama Girl*, he is always there in the stretch.



THE AMAZING AMOEBA

Tiniest of all the great adventure heroes, this one will ooze its way into being one of your favorites in no time. Together with his sea-worthy companion, *The Panting Protozoa*, they battle the slimiest villains from shore to shore.



SUPER PIG

By day, a shy unassuming young pig living in an obscure pen on a Nebraska farm. At night, he sheds his layers of fat and becomes *Super Pig* — able to leap high barns and tall silos with a single sweep. He deals a crushing blow to all those who would wreak their havoc on mankind.



THE CHICKEN FLICKER

Plucking away at the forces of evil, his feathery costume flying thru the air is the symbol of law and decency everywhere. Flicking away with him are his two sidekicks, *Top* and *Bottom*. Together they swoop down on victims with a hawking fury never before seen.

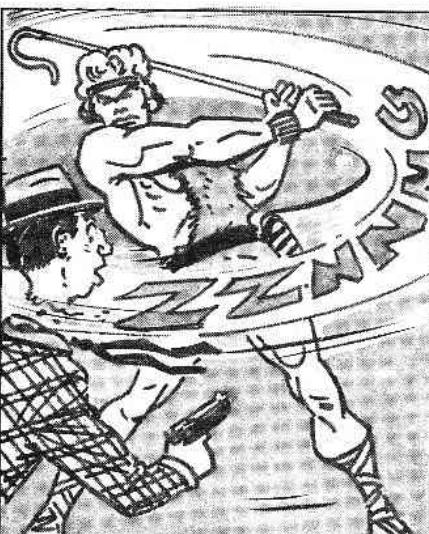
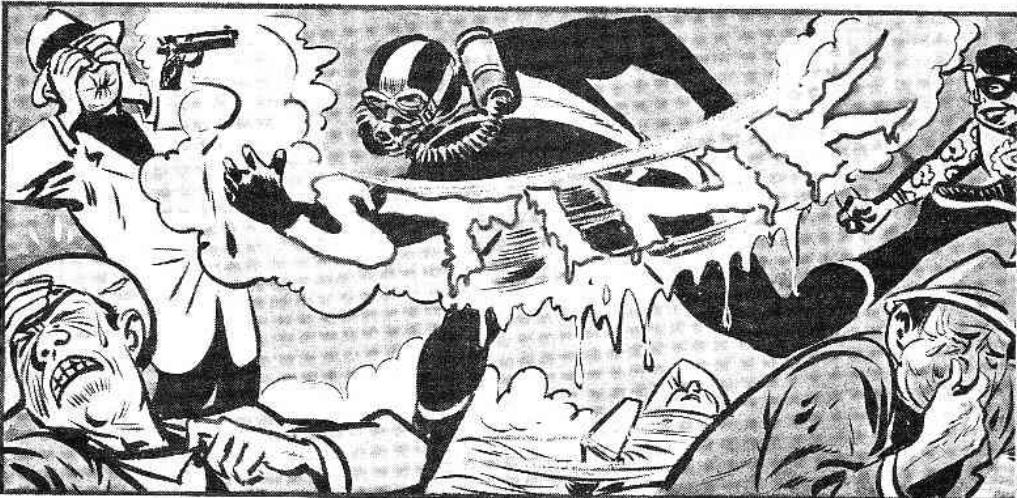
THE SLUGGING GRANDMOTHER

Nobody suspects that this 86 year-old, arthritic-ridden old lady is in reality, a dedicated and vicious opponent of evil everywhere. When she swings into action her cane becomes a sword, her bi-focals powerful X-ray eyes, her hearing aid a transistor and her wrinkled skin hiding places for all sorts of electronic crime-fighting gadgets. Only her companion, *The Rotten Grandchild*, knows of her true identity.



SKUNK MAN

Using his highly developed sense of smell, this formidable opponent of evil has no trouble getting his victims out into the open. Wearing a black uniform with a white stripe down the back, his overwhelming presence can be felt for miles around. To balance his powerful personality, *The Chlorophyl Kid* accompanies him on all adventures.



GLOB, SON OF BLOB

A mass of human protoplasm, this one snares villains and disposes of them inside his own body. Running rampant thru the underworld, he gets bigger with each new foe. Only his faithful and twisted companion—*Yech, Son Of Blech*—knows who the original Glob was.

THE SWINGING SHEPHERD

This dynamic young sheepherder pulls the wool over his opponents and rounds up flocks of them from the field. Foes become meek as lambs when he swoops down on them. Armed with only a deadly electronic harp, he pulls all sorts of strings to get the job done.

THE I-CASH-CLOTHES-MAN

No one would suspect that this unassuming old used-clothes peddler is in reality, *Ivor The Magnificent*—who battles the forces of evil that ply their trade upon unsuspecting tenement dwellers in our big cities. Editors in the field all agree that this hero is the one to watch.

THE FIGHTING CLOD

An adventurous hero with a dash of humor thrown in, he is a shnook in every other way except for one peculiar talent—crime-busting. Inside his ordinary-looking dunce cap lies hidden an arsenal of new secret weapons to overcome all types of foes. With his faithful companion, *The Dangling Dunce*, he leads all villains a merry chase.



Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Bob Powell



What's News

CAPTAIN BRONX, The Terror Of Moshulu Parkway, moves from *Hack Adventure Comics* to *Plain Disgusting Comics* starting next issue. Welcome aboard, Cap!...**THE STARTLING STREETCLEANER** really cleaning up things at the *Abominable Comics*' stable. Editors claim he's making a pile for them...Fans are complaining that the *FANTABULOUS HABADASHERER* has gotten too high-hat lately. He's one of those long underwear heroes who shouldn't be so starchy or he might lose his shirt!

Incredibly Nauseous Tales is teaming its top hero, **ANCHOVY MAN**, with **THE MUSHROOM KID**, in hopes of coming up with some new ideas on how to outwit their perennial opponent—**ANTEPASTO**...**THE ALMIGHTY ALBATROSS** being dropped by *Pretentious Comics* as he's bringing bad luck to the artists drawing him...A new super-hero, **THE SMILING CRAB**, makes his debut in next month's exciting issue of *FAR OUT FINK STORIES*!

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLUE LATRINE and **IT CAME FROM OUTTA THE SINK** are two new villains from Hollywood to the adventure comic book field. Look for them in the next issue of *Ridiculously Nasty Tales*...Wait'll you get wind of **THE SMELLY ALLIGATOR**'s latest adventure in the current issue of *Incompetent Comics*. Will make your skin crawl...A fan club for the guy who letters **THE PSYCHOTIC UNICORN** is now being formed. For information write to the editors of *REAL SHODDY TALES*!

THE AVENGING AARDVAARK teaming up with **THE STUPENDOUS GIRAFFE-MAN** for more action-packed adventures in *Horribly Mangled Tales*

...**ROLLO THE RATFINK** checks into *Smelly Old Comics* next month as a full-featured regular...Inspired by the popularity of "birds" in the White House *Schlock Comics* is coming out with some new super-heroes called **DICKY BIRD**, **DIRTY BIRD** and **A WET BIRD** who never flies at night!

CLARENCE THE COLOSSAL gets a girl friend for the first time in his next adventure in *Blah Tales*. She'll be blonde and lovely, **ZELDA THE ZULU**...**THE BATTLING BARBER** joins up with **THE WEIRDO WIGMAKER** for some hair-raising adventures in the next issue of *FLY-BY-NIGHT COMICS*....A convention of all adventure comic book fans will be held this New Year's Day. Plans are now being made to find a place big enough to hold all the fans. At this writing it's a choice between the continent of Australia and the Thousand Islands!

THE CHARTREUSE COCKROACH getting a new sidekick—**THE BEIGE BEDBUG**, for some high and low adventures in *Stupidity Comics*...**THE SNARLING PARAKEET** is for the birds and most fans think he should get out of his cage once in a while. How about it, editors of *Poor Taste Comics*?

SUPER EGGHEAD, one of the many new heroes being created over at *Intellectually Boring Comics*...**CAPTAIN ANTARCTICA**'s latest adventures were real chillers but left many of his fans cold. Don't give us the deep freeze and let's get hot again, eh Cap?...**THE ABOMINABLE SNOWGIRL** appears as a new girl villain in the current issue of *Frankly Idiotic Tales*...**THE SUPER-COLOSSAL ULTRA-STUPENDOUS WILDLY-FANTASTIC CREEP** is the new hero over at *Mishugina Comics*...Among the many new adventure comic books slated to hit the stands by Christmas are *Dull Comics*, *Dirty Comics* and *Thank Heaven This Is The End Comics*!

The one thing that most comic book fans would like to see is a comic book put out through a joint effort by leading comic Publishers. These fans feel that such a comic would surely be a big hit. We, however, do not agree. We feel that such a comic would be a big fat flop. And, since we're old hands at putting out flops, we would like to show you how such an endeavor might turn out.

Invasion of The FINKMEN

Art by George Tuska

Script by Calvin Castine

Starring—FLESH, CLEAN ARROW, BATHMAN, ADAM, ELASTICATED MAN, AWKWARDMAN, GREEN LAMPBURN, SUPER-FELLOW, HONKMAN, WANDER WOMAN, MR. FRANTIC, THE THIN', INHUMAN TORCH, INVINCIBLE GIRL, SUB-HERRING, THE BULK, THORN, JOINT MAN, I-URN MAN, CAPT. CAMERA, QUICKSLIVER, HAWKNOSE, SPITTER-MAN, TARDEVIL, THE SEX-MEN, PIRANAMAN, JERK FROST.

Our story opens with a dramatic scene in the pentagon, where a very important decision is being reached.



Later, in an other part of town...

I called this emergency meeting of the Just-a League of Americans, because we've been asked by the pentagon to help fight the Finks.

Good. This will give me a chance to try out my new B-O Flyer sneakers.

This would have to come up when our cheer-leaders are out of town.



Don't you find it hard to carry those wings around, Honkman?

Not at all. My biggest problem is blowing my nose.

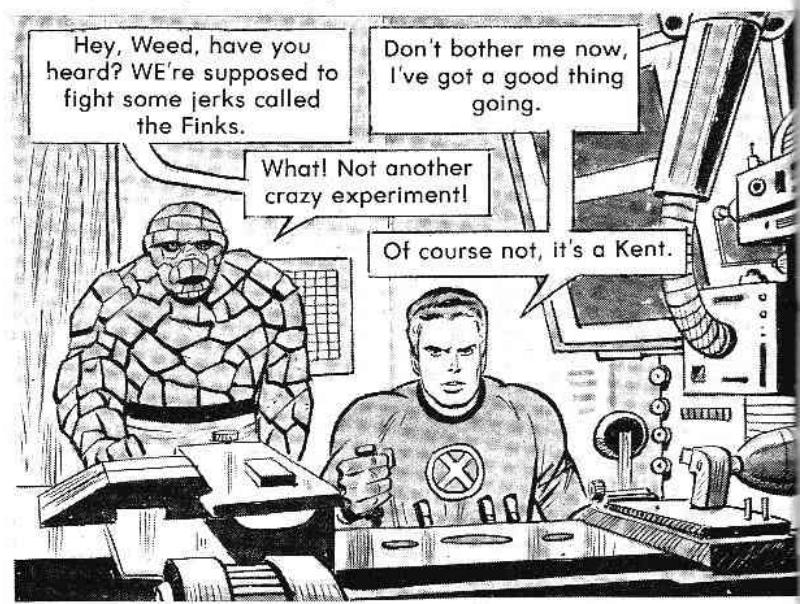
Meanwhile, in another part of town...

Hey, Weed, have you heard? WE're supposed to fight some jerks called the Finks.

Don't bother me now, I've got a good thing going.

What! Not another crazy experiment!

Of course not, it's a Kent.



Later, in another part of town...

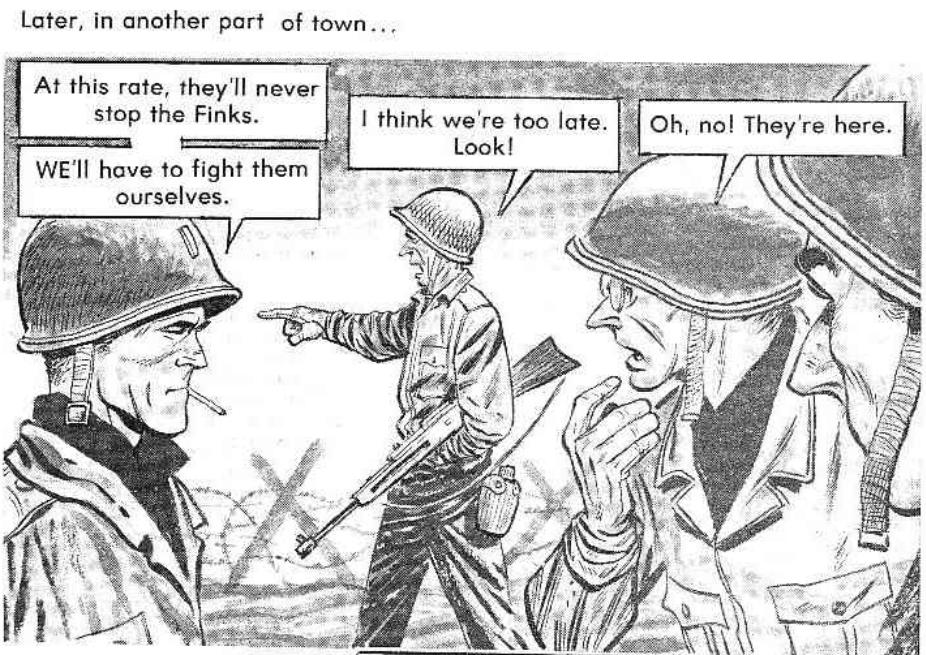
Shouldn't we introduce ourselves to the readers who don't know us, first?

I don't need no crummy introduction. Everybody knows me.

How do you keep your pin-feathers so neat, Angle?

I use that greasy kid stuff.





So far, we have taken you into the lives of the men who put the comics together, and into the lives of some of the most popular heroes. Now, comes

the third member of the New Age of Comics; the person to whom all comic book editors, writers, and artists owe their jobs...the comic book reader!

ADVENTURES OF

SUPER FAN

Art by George Tuska

Script by Calvin Castine



He wouldn't talk to me like that, if I were the Hulk!

He always treats me like a kid. I'll show him! I'll show them all! Someday they'll realize that the man they know as meek, mild-mannered, Cluck Dent, is really—Super Fan.

Meanwhile, not far away...

That looks like a good place to rob, Manfred.

Either we rob that one, or we change the whole plot of the story.



Awright, typical, average, ordinary, suburban family—who are fear-struck, stick 'em up!



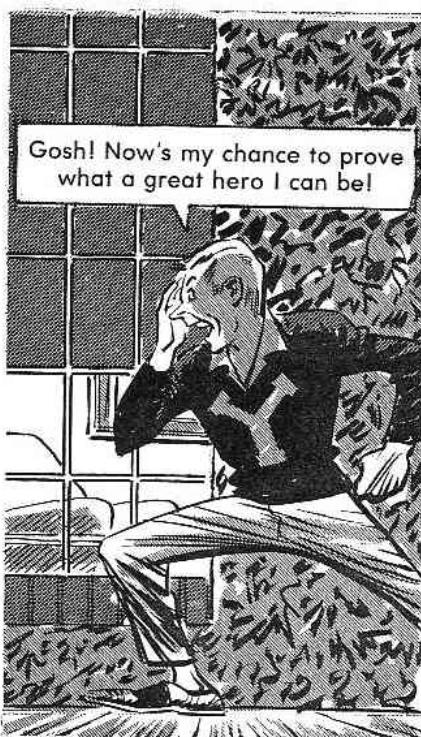
Super Fan flies into the middle of the battle, with his steel-sinewed muscles bulging under his colorful garb.



Now, alone once again, the mighty Super Fan changes back to his mortal identity of Cluck Dent...



Gosh! Now's my chance to prove what a great hero I can be!



Dashing into a nearby phone booth, meek, mild, Cluck Dent makes a dramatic change into the dynamic...



With strength comparable to that of Atlas himself, the masked hero quickly turns the tide of the battle. The villains gasp in horror at his tremendous display of power.



Having vanquished his foes, our hero quickly disappears into the shadows—leaving behind him, a crowd of cheering admirers.



and goes about doing a long-over due job.



SIMON Sez:

by Joe Simon

Never before in SICK's history has our mail been so encouraging. Like we told you before, we're still Number Two so that's how come we try harder. And, judging by your response, it's paying off. Anyway, we'll keep trying to please you if you keep trying to please us—namely, by sending in those wonderful letters. We're planning bigger and better surprises in the future and if you want to be part of the new SICK Empire let's hear from you!

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

The inspiration for this issue on comic-book heroes stems from the current "IN" trend that these heroes are enjoying. The collection of comic books is now a big rage in our culture. Old issues are selling for as much as one hundred dollars apiece. There's even a national Hall of Fame for "The Immortals" who created them. World-wide conventions are held each year, where collectors get together and compare old memories. The collectors are from every age group and range from college professors and newspaper editors to used-car dealers and chicken-flickers.

* * *

Furthermore, these collectors publish hundreds of so-called "Fanzines" in which they discuss the old characters as if they had really lived. Many of these fanzines make more sense and are better written than the comic books themselves. An exception to this rule is our parody called "SUPERFAN" which lampoons the rare but *schlock* kind of fanzine.

* * *

The interest in comic book superheroes has already been recognized by many of the big national magazines which have written features on them. Recently, Playboy published a condensed version of a new Jules Feiffer book on Pop Cul-

ture in which our own Bob Powell (see profile opposite page) emerges as a prominent figure. Even ye olde editor is mentioned in the listings of the great. On the cover of this magazine is none other than FIGHTING AMERICAN, a collector's prize created some years back by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby.

SICK SUCCESS STORY

PAUL LAIKIN is the latest member of our staff to hit the big TV paydirt. Now writer for the new NBC comedy-game show "Let's Play Post Office," his work can be seen on Mondays thru Fridays, 12:30 PM, E.S.T. Paul will continue to write for us however, for as he puts it "once sick it's hard to get cured!"

FRONT COVER CUT-OUT

In case you missed this item on our contents page, that wild drawing on our front cover is ideal for a cut-out. So many people requested a copy of the original drawing that we thought up a way in which everybody can have one. Cut out this pop art masterpiece and frame it. And if you want more copies of this picture—then naturally, buy more copies of this magazine!

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Profile



POWELL BY
KODAK

Bob Powell

S. Robert (Bob) Powell is a veteran of the comic book field. *"I always tell them I'm a veteran so they'll pay me more,"* he says, *"but they don't."* For over 25 years he's been drawing and illustrating comics both in book form and syndicated strips. *"Someday I hope to finish those two jobs."* This is far from the case however, as Bob can really turn out the stuff. He's a fellow who can finish a full 4-page article overnight. In the daytime though, he has a little trouble. *"I may be fast on the draw but not at high noon,"* is his plea.

Despite his facade of nonchalance, Bob Powell is a 100% dedicated craftsman—give or take a few percentage points. He has a style all his own. *"Nobody else wants it,"* he insists. And he has a wild and zany brush technique which he attributes to the fact that he buys only wild and zany brushes. He has a vast army of imitators but he's the original. *"Of course I'm the original,"* he points out, *"I'm the oldest one left in the business."*

Some of the more popular strips he worked on were MAN IN BLACK which he recalls *"was*



POWELL BY POWELL

supposed to be Man In White but I smudged the original drawing." Also SHEENA who is Queen Of The Jungle *"and made me King of the comic book jungle."* And BOBBY BENSON & THE B-BAR-B RIDERS which he says "had so many B's in it there's no wonder I got stung."

Among his more popular nationally syndicated strips were BATMASTERSON and MR. MYSTIC. Doing both at once used to get him confused, *"one day I had Bat receiving spirit messages from another world and Mr. Mystic shooting it out at the O.K. Corral."* These were Bob's primary comics accounts. His secondary accounts are too numerous to mention here. *"I never had to draw unemployment checks,"* he boasts. *"I just drew money....I had Lincoln's picture down pat."*

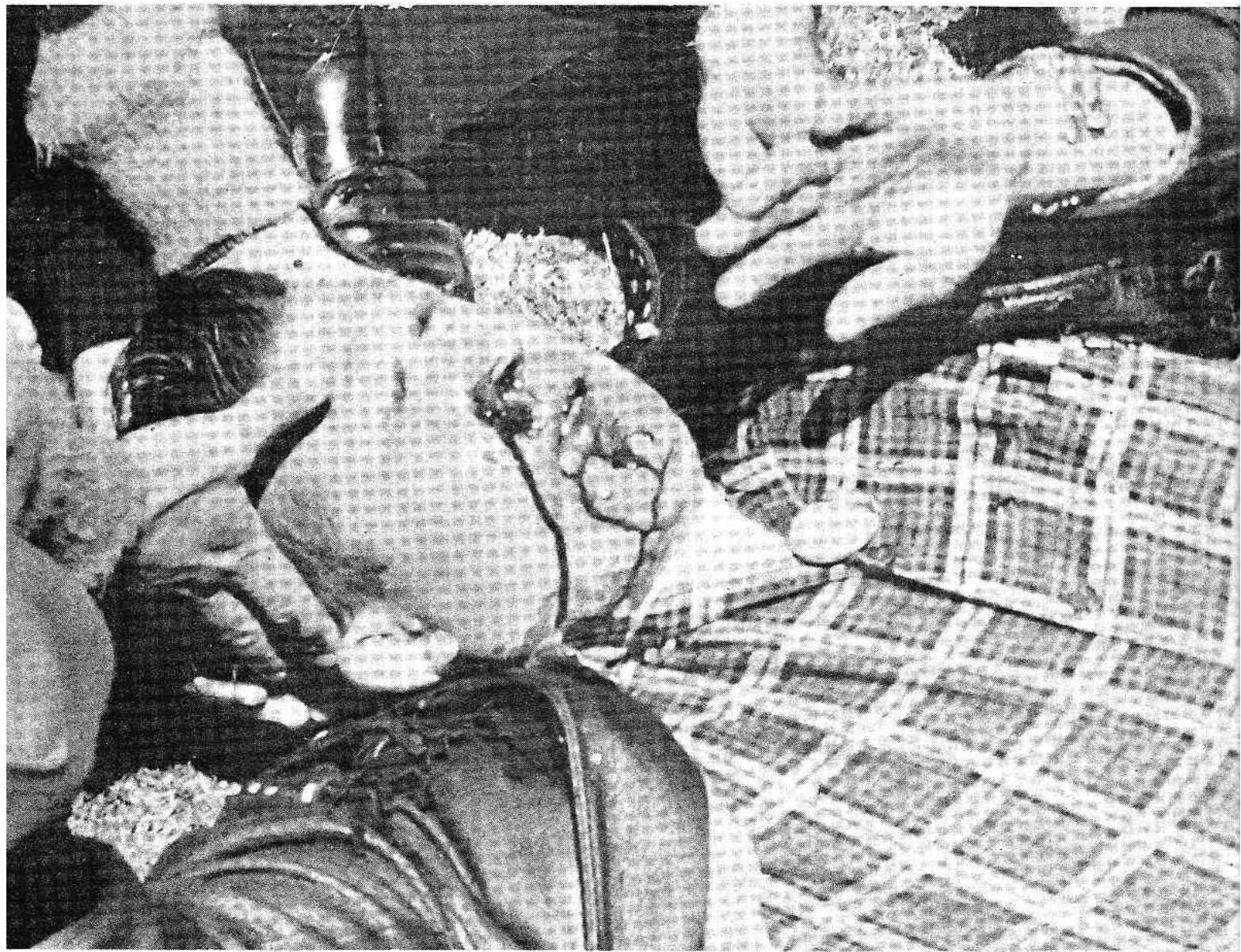
A graduate of Pratt Institute in New York, Bob is married to his devoted wife, Bettina. *"She's stood by me through thick and thin,"* he beams, *"in the days when I was thick and now that I'm thin."* Three sons are his pride and joy. *"I talked them out of following in my handprints,"* The eldest, Ensign R.R. Powell,

is really flying high these days and making a lot of noise. *"He's a jet pilot,* says the proud father. The middle son, John, is an art major at Syracuse University. *"Or is it Art who's a john major?"* he asks. The youngest, Kyle, is in the third grade. *"This one keeps complaining about the initials I gave him—K.P.,"* he tells us. A new grandson, Sean, rounds out the list.

Whenever his work and family aren't keeping him busy, Bob spends his off-hours around racing cars. He drives a Stingray and is a Director of the Bridgehampton Road Races Corporation. At one time he thought he'd become a drag racer but admits, *"racing got to be too much of a drag."* He's also rebuilding a land-locked boat *"it isn't easy climbing inside the bottle to rebuild that boat."*

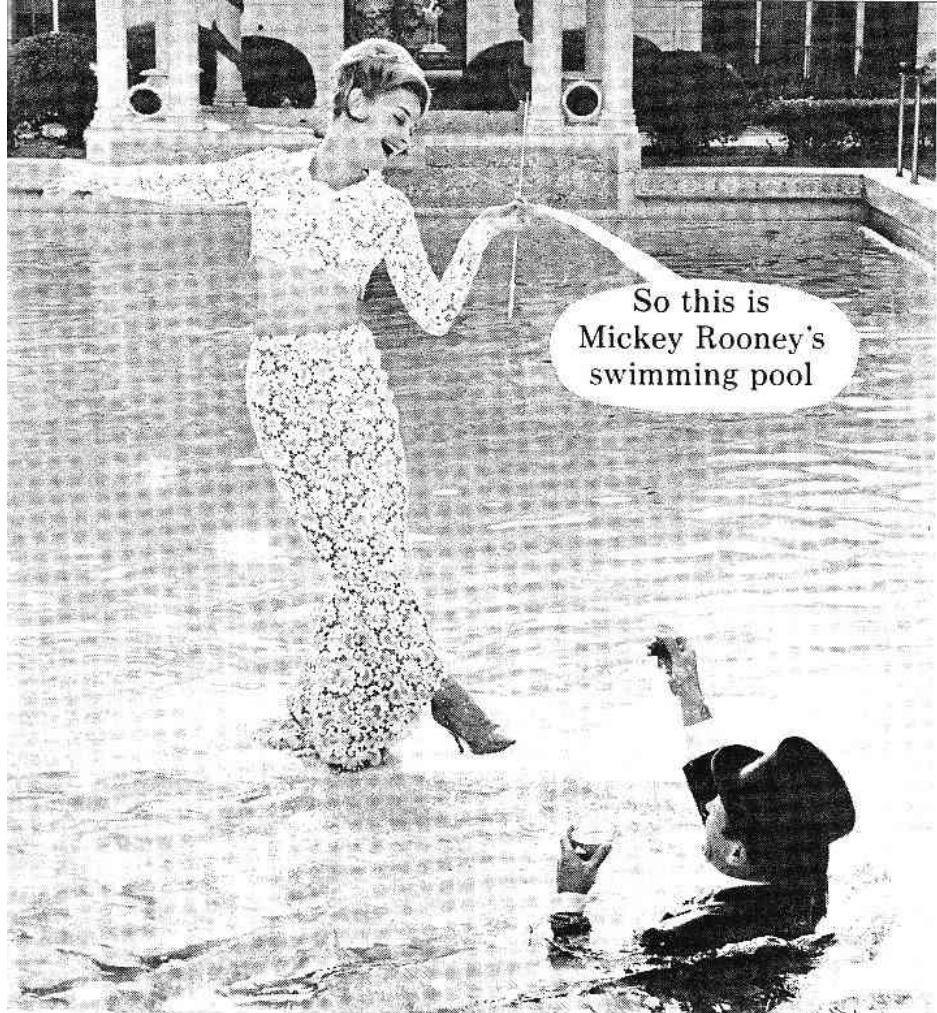
Before coming to SICK, Bob was editor of one of our competitors whose name we don't want to mention. When he came to SICK we got even with Bob by giving him all the tough artwork to do—like the balloon continuity articles you see. He has taken it in his stride. Mainly, he has tried to stride away from it but we keep bringing him back.

SICK SPORTS SECTION



PHOENIX, ARIZONA-UPI:

Wilbur Allen, 38, grimaces in pain after being struck by golf ball hit by Barry Goldwater in pro-am event of Phoenix Open.



CLASSIC FRIED ADS

(Continued from page 7)

SITUATION WANTED

I would like to join "Horny" Horn's band as advertised in the DARN BEAT magazine (Sept.). If anyone knows of his whereabouts please tell me as I know he doesn't live in Great Neck, New York.

Judith Metz
150 Rochambeau Ave.
Providence, R.I.

Please send self-addressed, stamped envelopes to James Richard, Box 141, Topeka, Kan. I need the stamps to finance my other rackets.

A CHALLENGE

This is a challenge to Harlan Manilla-copy, or Cavendish Curderusher, or whatever is name is. I would like to meet this ridiculous freak who had the nerve to copy an age-old phrase from Johnny Carson: "May the bird of paradise...etc." I am going to personally take care of his face. If he will kindly meet me anytime, anywhere, preferably yesterday, at Mugwump's Retreat Resort. Tell him to bring along a friend as I am bringing James Bond and the man from U.N.C.L.E.

THE MAN FROM F.R.E.G.A.S.
Mark Leffin
5810 Porter Road
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

for collectors...

THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

You'll want to save this memorable PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT sparkled over an adoring nation



Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of THE NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

LOOK WHO'S TALKING



Hilarious Talking Pin-ups

BARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE



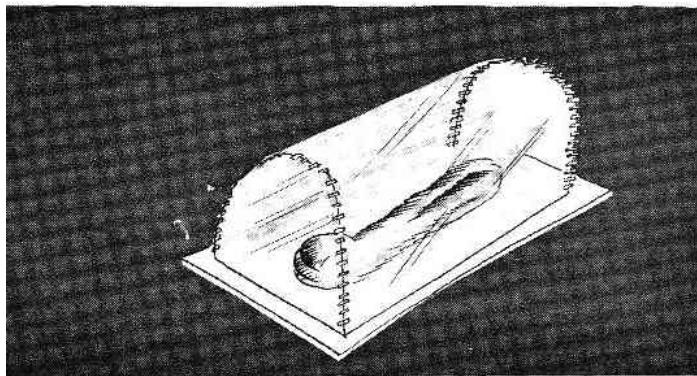
LIZ TAYLOR EDDIE BURTON JAYNE

SINATRA BRIGITTE BARDOT TONY CURTIS SONNY LISTON

It's understandable that a lot of Christmas gifts sent thru the mail get lost because the Post Offices are so swamped with packages. We got to wondering—what if way back in history some gifts got lost—gifts that would have really meant something—like maybe these...

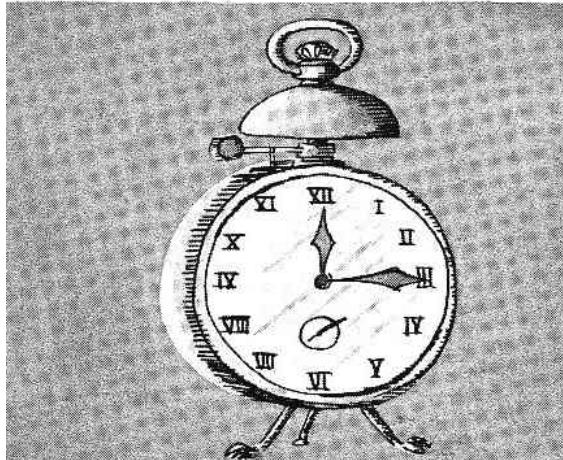
CANCELLED THAT COULD HAVE CHANGED

TO: GENERAL CUSTER



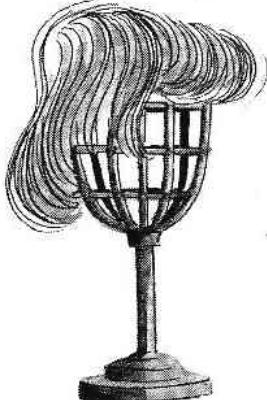
Rabbit's Foot

TO: RIP VAN WINKLE



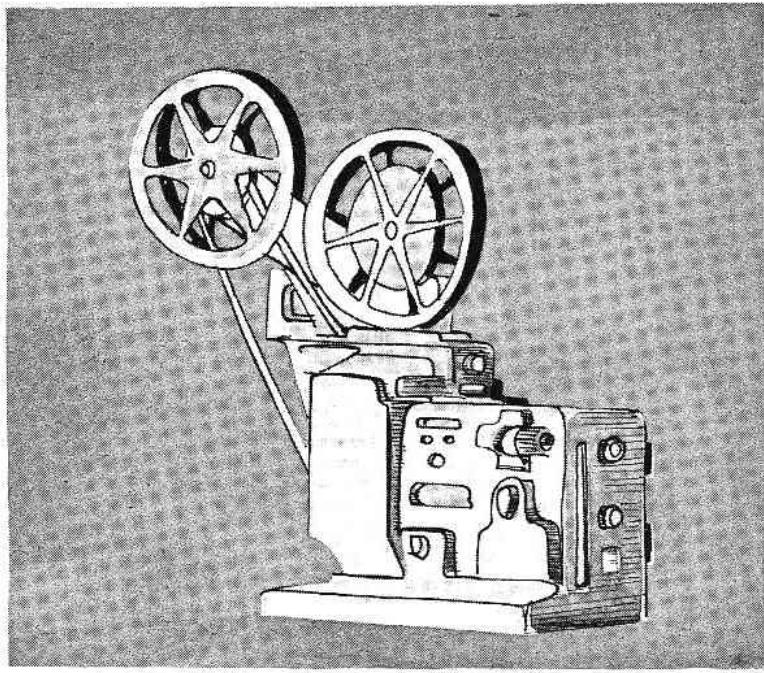
Alarm Clock

TO: SAMSON



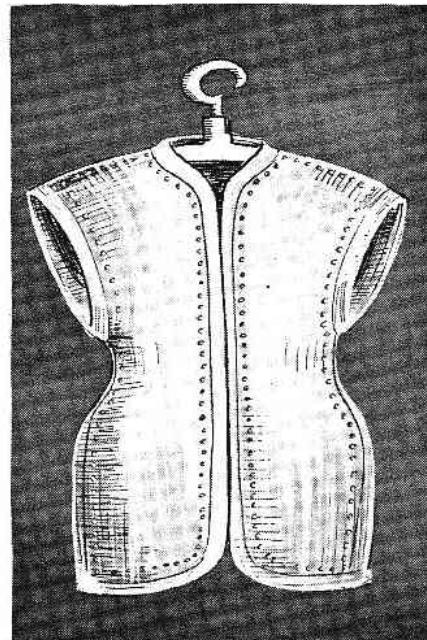
Beatle's Wig

TO: JOHN DILLINGER



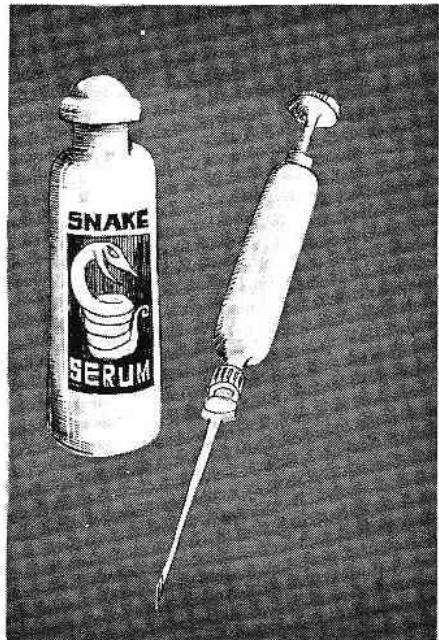
Home Movie Projector

TO: JESSE JAMES



Bullet-Proof Vest

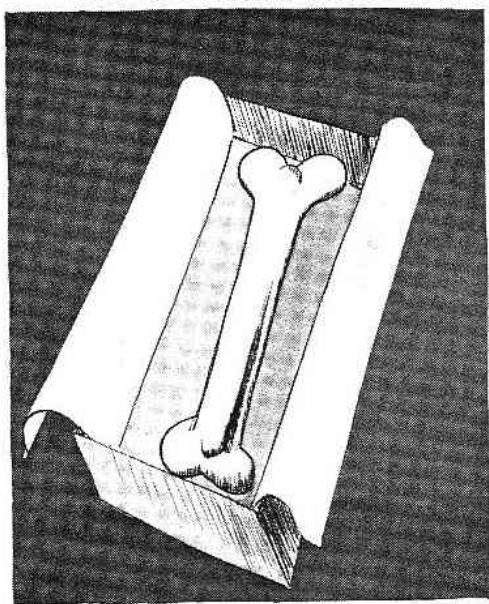
TO: CLEOPATRA



Snake Serum

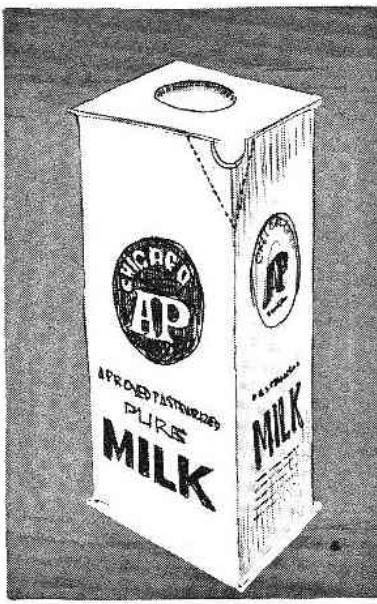
XMAS GIFTS THE COURSE OF HISTORY

TO: MOTHER HUBBARD



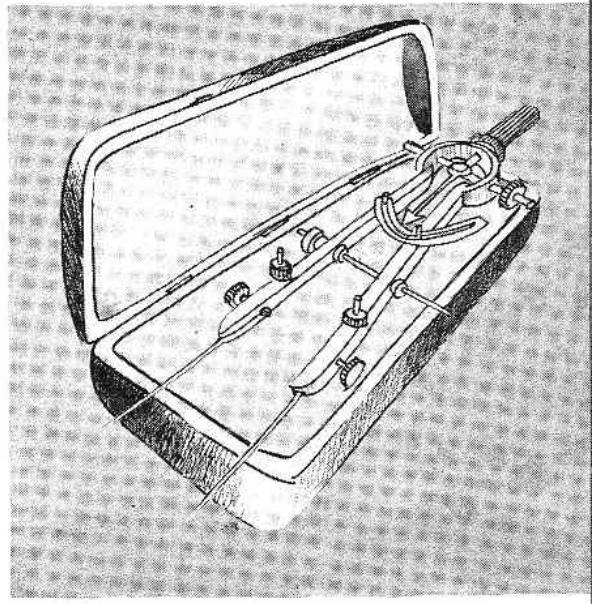
Dog Bone

TO: MRS. O'LEARY



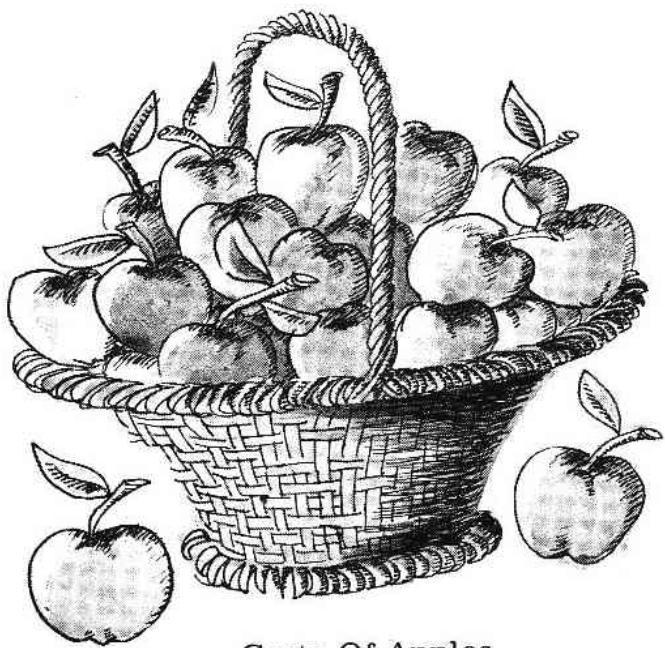
Free Milk Delivery

TO: CAPTAIN OF TITANIC



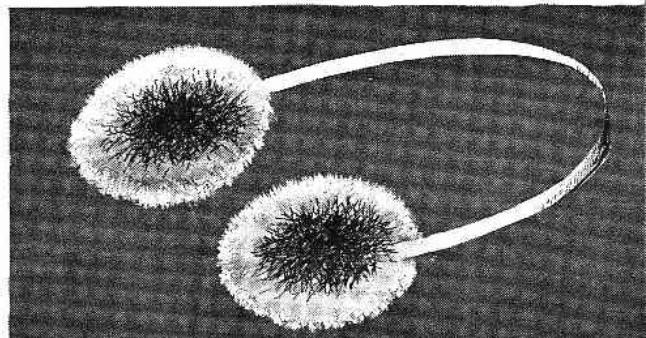
New Compass

TO: ADAM AND EVE



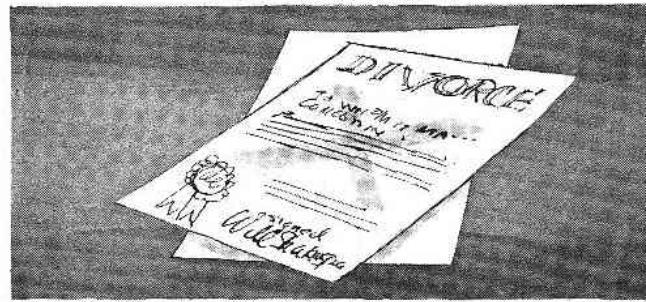
Crate Of Apples

TO: VINCENT VAN GOGH

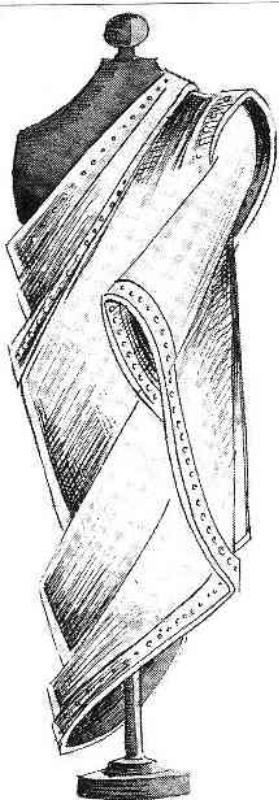


Pair Of Ear Muffs

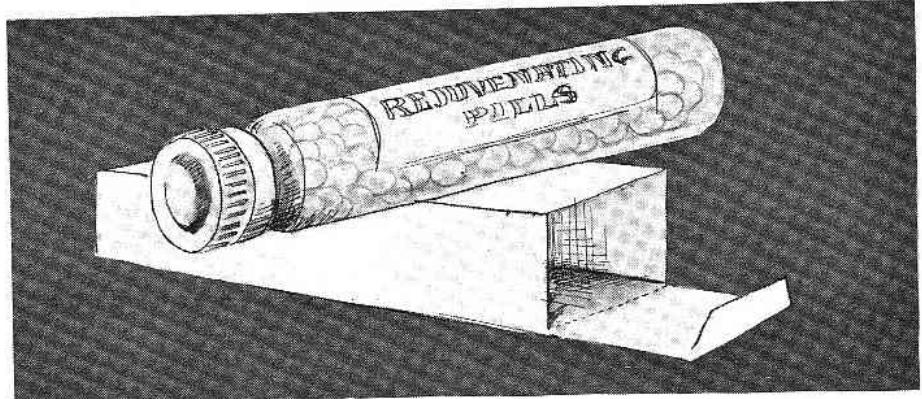
TO: MACBETH



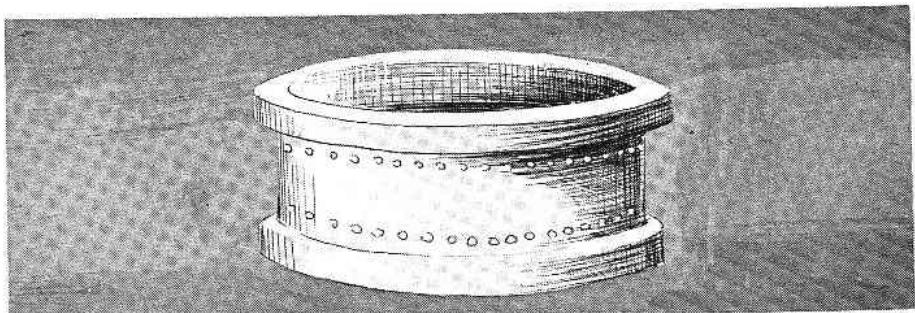
Divorce Papers



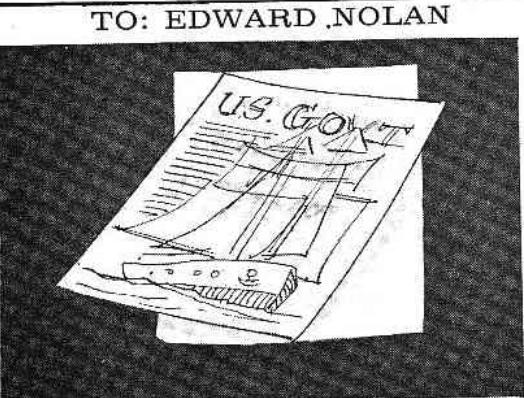
TO: JULIUS CAESAR
Iron Toga



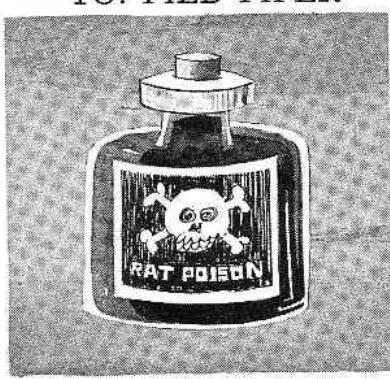
TO: PONCE DE LEON Rejuvenating Pills



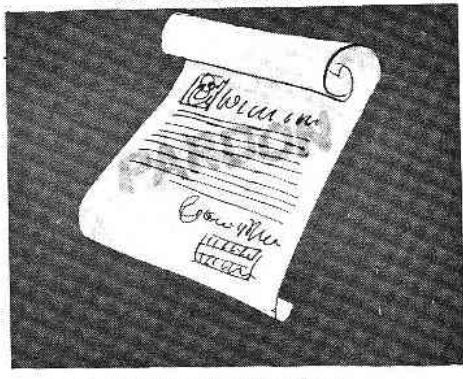
TO: ANNE BOLEYN Steel Collar



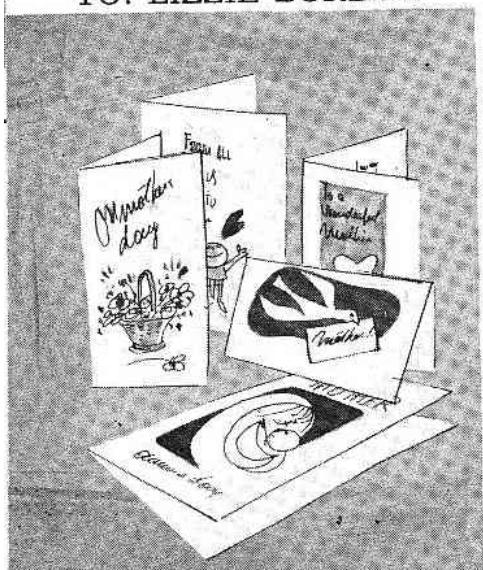
Citizenship Papers



Rat Poison



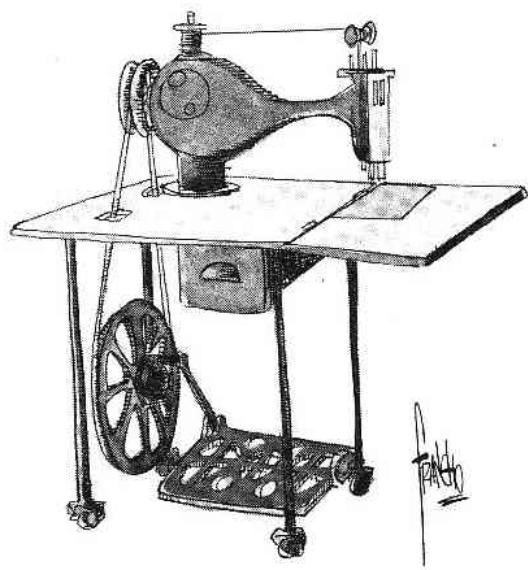
Governor's Pardon



Mother's Day Cards



Birth Control Pills



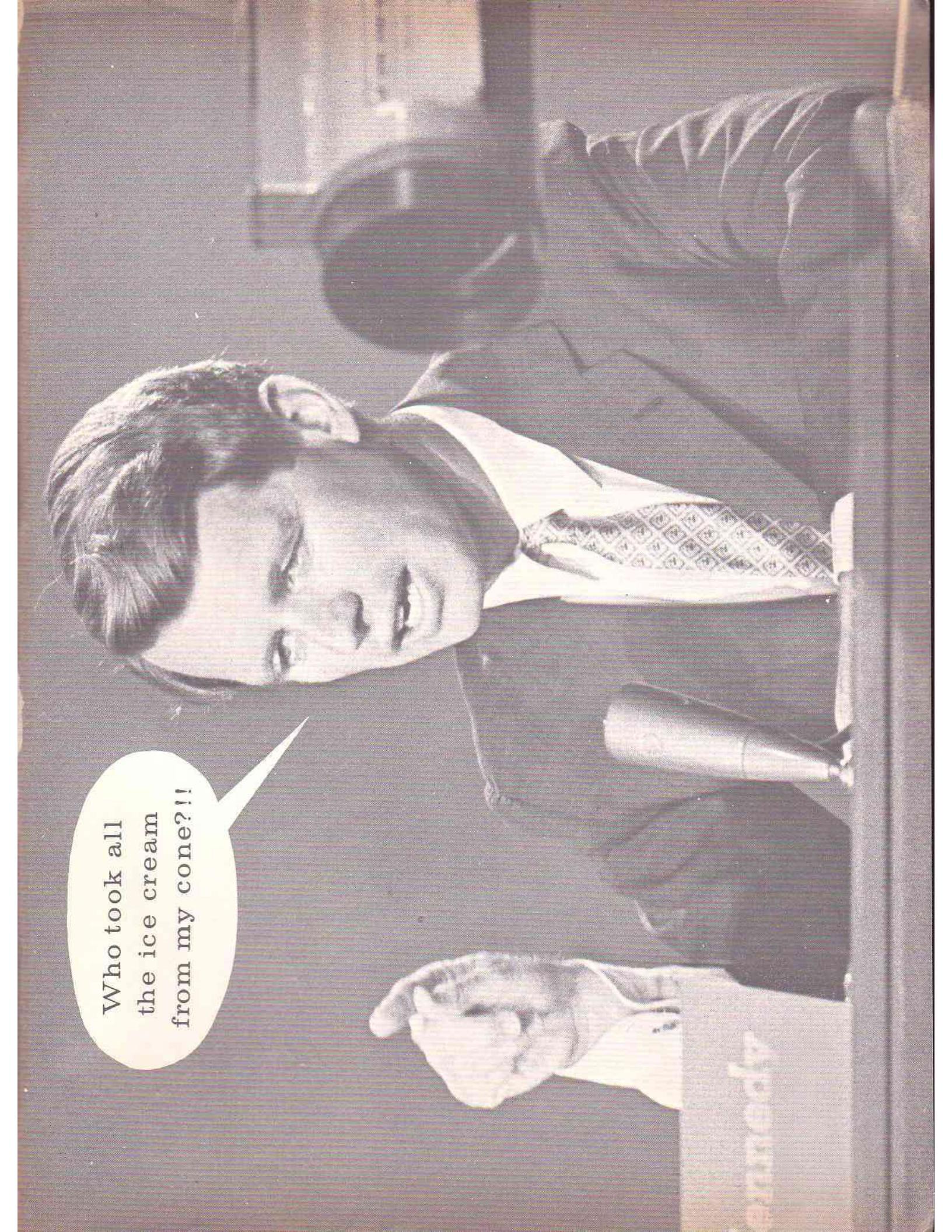
Sewing Machine



TO: MAMA DIONNE

TO: BETSY ROSS

TO: LIZZIE BORDEN



Who took all
the ice cream
from my cone!!

"Show me a filter that
really delivers taste
and I'll eat my hat!"

New Lucky Bite Filters

